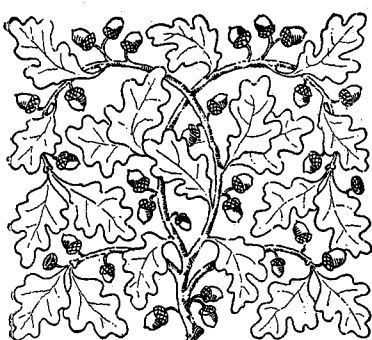


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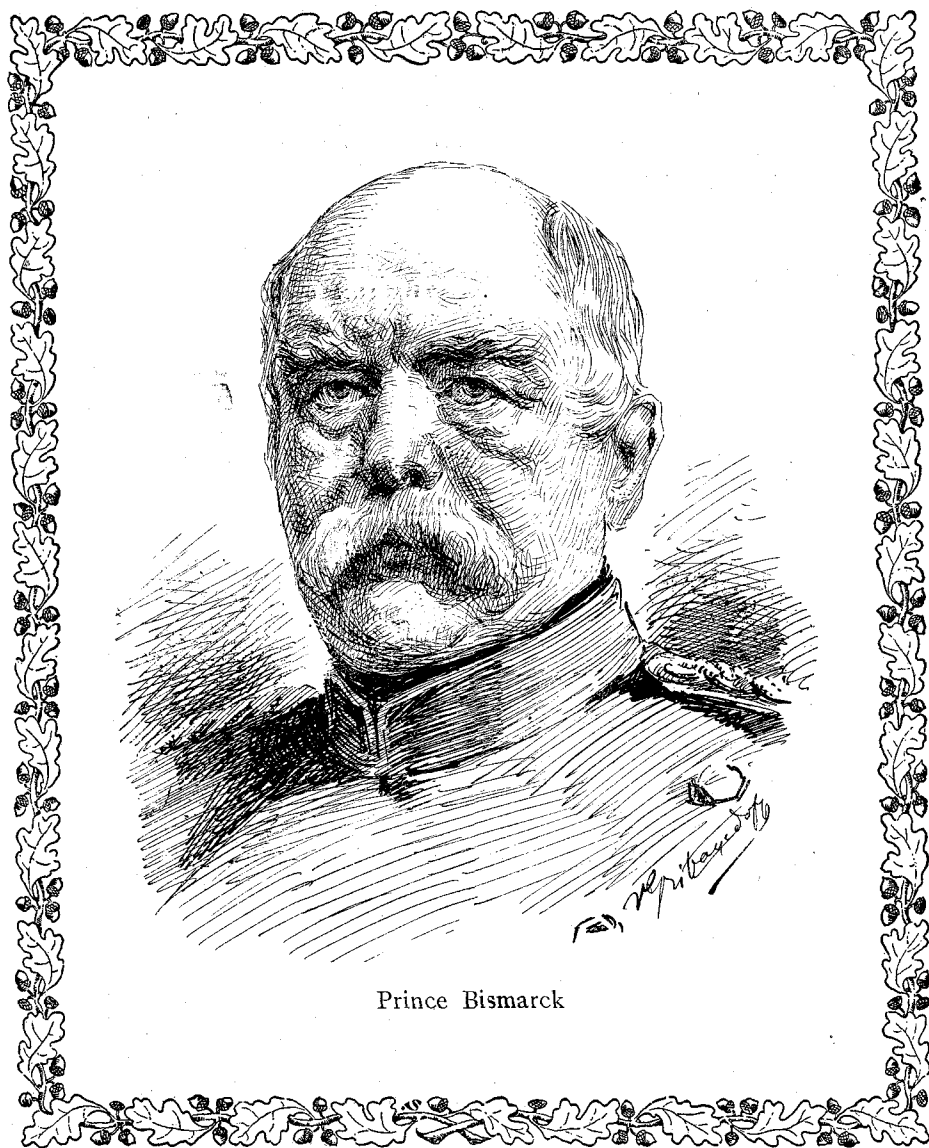
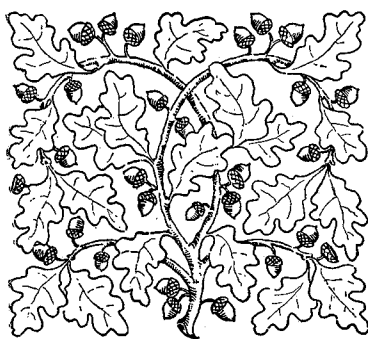
3 FEBRUARY, 1894

The Outlook

A Family Paper



NEW
SERIES OF
THE
CHRISTIAN
UNION



Prince Bismarck

THE OUTLOOK CO. • CLINTON HALL • ASTOR PLACE
NEW YORK

Recreation Department

The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a vacation or a trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

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The Passenger Department of the New York Central has just issued a series of five beautiful etchings, which artistically outrank anything of the kind ever issued by a railroad company, while the absence of any advertising feature renders them suitable for hanging in your office, library, or home.

A brief description of each, with a glance at their titles, is all that is necessary to obtain a fair idea of the pictures.

No. 1 is "Washington Bridge," which spans the Harlem River at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street—one of the finest bridges in the world, and a marvel of engineering. In the distance is High Bridge, the Croton Viaduct; in the foreground a characteristic river scene that will be recognized by any one at all familiar with the locality.

No. 2—"Rock of Ages, Niagara Falls," from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A view that has been admired by every one who has seen it. The soft tones in which it is printed add greatly to the effect of the falling waters and spray.

No. 3—"Old Spring at West Point," also from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A romantic scene, recalling memories of summer days at the famous military academy.

No. 4—"999 and the DeWitt Clinton." The famous Empire State Express Engine "999," which occasioned such widespread comment at the World's Fair, occupies the top half of the card, and below appears the old "DeWitt Clinton," affording a truly remarkable example of the progress of railroad science in the past fifty years.

No. 5—"Rounding the Nose, Mohawk Valley." One of the handsomest railroad pictures ever made. The scene is just below Little Falls.

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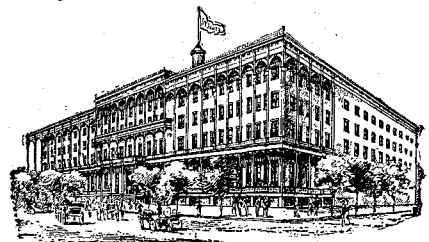
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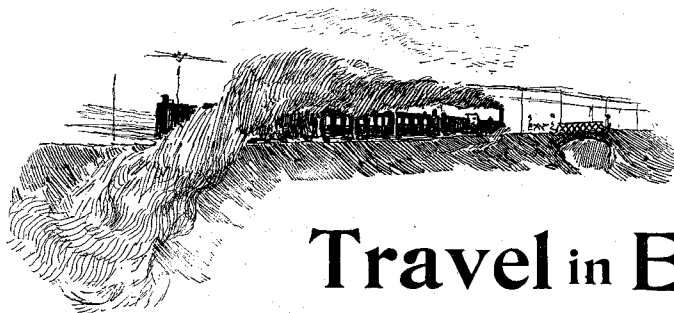
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1894

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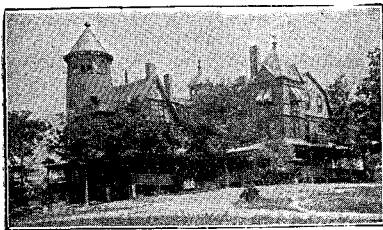
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A Family Paper

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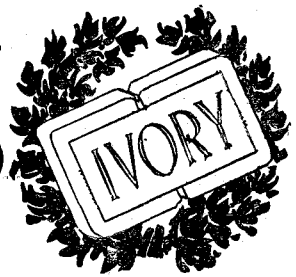
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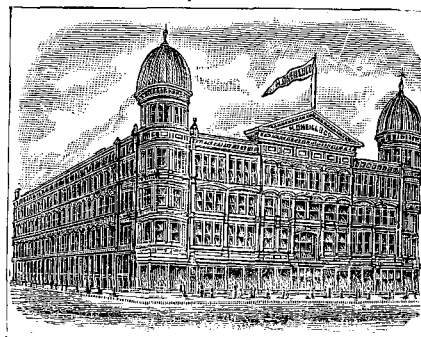
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Volume 49

For Week ending 3 February, 1894

Number 5



The Week



THE victory of the income-tax Democrats, when, at the beginning of last week, with Republican aid, they placed all sugars on the free list, was followed by a still more substantial victory within the Democratic caucus. By a vote of 89 to 71, that body decided to make the Internal Revenue Bill a part of the Wilson Bill. In vain did the opponents of the income tax urge that the party platform had not mentioned it, that party divisions were threatened by it, and that its supporters were playing into the hands of the Republicans. The Chairman of the caucus declared that its action was binding upon every one, but the Eastern Democrats, particularly those from New York and New Jersey, have shown themselves ready to rebel. Mr. Cockran, of New York, attempted last week to prevent the consideration of the Wilson Bill by filibustering, but he received next to no support outside of his own delegation. The Republicans were of course ready to uphold the decision of the Democratic caucus, and make the income tax a part of the bill they wished to defeat. Aside from this struggle there was little of interest in the tariff debate. Several Maryland, West Virginia, and Alabama Democrats struggled to restore the duty on coal, but were defeated. The Ways and Means Committee recommended a further lowering of the duties on iron and steel, and its recommendations were accepted. This was the outcome of Mr. Johnson's plea for the abolition of the tariff on steel rails.

On Thursday of last week Secretary Carlisle appeared before the House Judiciary Committee in defense of the proposed bond issue. He said that the issue was necessary in view of the deficiency of the revenue, and contended that the coinage of the silver bullion now in the Treasury would require three years, and therefore would not furnish revenue fast enough. He said that he had only recently come to the conclusion that the Act of 1875 authorized him to issue the bonds, but declared that he would not hesitate to use the proceeds to meet any liabilities that might be presented. He said very truly that there was no law setting aside \$100,000,000 for the possible redemption of greenbacks, and claimed that he had the right to use any funds which might be brought into the Treasury to discharge public obligations. The day following, the Committee, by a vote of 9 to 4, reported a resolution declaring that it was illegal for the Secretary to issue bonds except for the purposes of resumption specified in the Act of 1875, and that the money so secured could not be used for other purposes. The Republicans on the Committee sustained this resolution by a vote of 5 to 1, and the Democrats by a vote of 4 to 3. On Sunday afternoon Secretary Carlisle came to New York for the purpose, it is said, of consulting with New York bankers. He gave to the public a statement pointing out that the resolution of

the Judiciary Committee does not declare the bond issue illegal, but merely declares that the proceeds cannot be used except for resumption purposes. If the Secretary is right, he can first legally issue the bonds on the ground that he is authorized to issue them for resumption purposes, and then apply the proceeds to other purposes on the ground that he is authorized to use any money in the Treasury to meet legal expenses; in other words, by two steps he may thus accomplish legally that which it would be illegal for him to accomplish by one. The Knights of Labor have brought suit to enjoin the bond issue altogether.



The events in the Hawaiian history of the last week are the appearance of a memorial and petition of the Hawaiian Patriotic League in favor of the Queen presented to our Government, of an article by Professor Schouler in the "Forum" for February, and of resolutions adopted by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, by a strict party vote, and presented to the House. These resolutions condemn the course of Minister Stevens, and pronounce against annexation, but also against all intervention in the domestic affairs of the island. The League claims to number over eight thousand legal voters united for the purpose of preserving the autonomy of the country under the native monarch. The memorial affirms that a political crime was committed against the Hawaiian nation by a *coup de main* of the United States through Minister Stevens in collusion with a cabal of conspirators, mainly faithless sons of missionaries and local politicians angered by continuous political defeat; declares that, under a false pretense of protecting American interests, which were in no way in danger, troops were landed from the United States steamer Boston, on the afternoon of January 16, 1893, and so placed as to intimidate the Queen and interfere with the forces at her command, which were ample to quell any domestic disturbance; and that at 3 P.M. on the next day a mob of a dozen aliens, principally Germans of a desperate character, paid by the conspirators, invaded the Government building, which was virtually commanded by the United States troops, and went through the farce of proclaiming a Provisional Government, which Minister Stevens hastened to recognize and support, before they could obtain possession of any other public buildings, all strongly occupied by the armed police and the Queen's guards. The memorial explains the subsequent attitude of the Hawaiians as due to the superior force and moral power of the United States, and to their patient waiting for the action of the United States upon an expected report of Commissioner Blount, and demands that the Queen be restored with a new Constitution more equitable than the one that was wrested from the late King Kalakaua in 1887 through force of arms. Mr. Schouler's paper in the "Forum" is a much abler plea for the royalists than that which they have made for themselves, because it does not ignore certain vital and essential facts which the memo-

rial does entirely ignore. But it appears to us to be vitiated by the quiet assumption that Mr. Blount's investigation was an impartial and adequate investigation, that all its statements are to be accepted as established history, and that all the contradicting statements issuing from the Provisional Government or from Mr. Stevens are to be disregarded. This is a convenient but not a very satisfactory method of arriving at the facts in the case of such a dispute. We have at no time assumed to pass judgment on Mr. Stevens's course, since the facts are in dispute. As to these facts we await, as we advise our readers to do, the pending Senatorial investigation.

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Laying aside all disputed questions of fact, the facts concerning which there is no dispute are as follows: In the fall of 1892 Hawaii was a constitutional monarchy, the rights of the monarch being defined by a constitution formed by compact between King Kalakaua and the revolutionists in 1887. The Queen had been appointed as heir apparent by King Kalakaua, who was her brother and predecessor. The Legislature, composed of forty-eight members, consisted of equal portions—one-half elected biennially by all male citizens who could read and write the Hawaiian language, one-half elected for six years by all who in addition possessed a certain limited property qualification. The judiciary were life officers, and, though appointed by the monarch, were independent both of the Queen and the Legislature. In January, 1893, the Legislature passed by a very small majority two bills, one opening Hawaii to the opium traffic, the other to the lottery which had been driven out of the United States, and followed them by a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, which, under the Constitution, vacated its office. The Queen summoned a new Cabinet and announced her purpose to rescind by royal decree the Constitution and to proclaim a new one, under which the right of suffrage was to be confined to native Hawaiians and those who had married native Hawaiians. The nobles, who constituted the upper portion of the house, were to be appointed by the Queen. The judges, her own appointees, were to hold office for six years, and their salaries were to be readjusted by the Legislature every two years. Under such a Constitution she would have been an absolute monarch; the Legislature would have been controlled by her creatures; the Judiciary would have been dependent upon her will; and American-Hawaiians would have had no guarantee for the protection of their property, their liberties, or even their lives. The counter-revolution was organized to meet this proposed *coup d'état*. Most of the leaders in the revolution were born in Hawaii, married in Hawaii, had all their property interests in Hawaii, and expected to live and die in Hawaii. If these American-Hawaiians had not initiated a revolution, or if they had accepted the Queen's reluctant withdrawal of her Constitution when confronted with a revolution, they would have proved themselves unworthy descendants of the Puritans who under Cromwell fought Charles I., and of the Americans who under Washington fought George III.; for neither Charles I. nor George III. attempted any such violation of natural political rights, enforced by constitutional obligations, as did Queen Liliuokalani in her proposed *coup d'état* of January, 1893.

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Notwithstanding the efforts of Governor Mitchell, of Florida, to prevent his State from incurring the disgrace of the Corbett-Mitchell prize-fight, it seems that there was no law on its statute-books stringent enough to prevent the fight. Indeed, the law was actually called in on the other

side, and the Governor was enjoined from interference. The obvious lesson is that the intelligent and respectable people of the State cannot too quickly see to it that a proper law on the subject is brought before the State Legislature. If such a law is not passed at once, Florida will gain the unenviable notoriety of becoming the last resort of brutality in this form, already rejected by most of her sister States. There is evidence that the great majority of Florida's people are earnestly opposed to such degrading exhibitions, and it is certain that the best interests of the State are injured by them. As to the fight itself, it was an even more than usually brutal affair, without the slightest pretense of being an exhibition of skill in boxing. The two men were personal enemies; and the larger and stronger—who refused even the formal courtesy of shaking his opponent's hand—literally pounded the smaller and weaker man into insensibility; as he himself admits, he was totally unconscious of "science" or rules, or anything but a wild fit of brutish rage. It is discouraging to have to record that for a day or two last week the prize-fight was treated by the press of the country as the one important news event of the week; even those papers which editorially denounced it, as a rule thought it necessary to describe it at great length and with disgusting detail. Yet when we remember that it is only a few decades since the prize-ring was openly approved by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, and Sir Robert Peel, and that Thackeray devoted a "Roundabout Paper" to the Heenan-Sayers fight with more than half-approval, and, it has been rumored, even attended in person—remembering all this, it must be admitted that prize-fighting is not only in its decline, but that it has probably reached its last as well as its worst days.

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Judge Ricks, of the United States District Court of Northern Ohio, has rendered a decision declaring that the Federal Government has not the constitutional right to require business men to give evidence to the census authorities respecting their property or business. He holds that the Constitution only authorized an enumeration of the inhabitants, and in reply to the contention that the right of Congress to levy taxes gives it the right to ascertain the amount and distribution of the Nation's wealth, rules as follows:

"Direct taxes are either capitation taxes or land taxes, and when Congress levies them it fixes so much as lies among different States according to their numbers, not according to their property or wealth. . . . Therefore to accomplish the object in view it is not necessary to inquire as to property or wealth or business."

Judge Ricks further cites the article in the Bill of Rights providing that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated." He declares that the demand of the agent of the Census Bureau, under the Acts of Congress, for books and papers would be in violation of this provision. We trust that the higher courts will in time review this decision. It is somewhat remarkable that it comes from the Judge who a year ago held that the Federal authorities had the right to require the secret papers of a railway labor union. We do not pretend to pass upon the law of either decision, but if the later decision is sustained, it seems to us that the former one must be set aside, and that a Federal income tax must of necessity be abandoned.

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On another page will be found some account of the papers read before the National Conference on Good City Government held in Philadelphia last week. In brief,

four things were agreed upon. The first was that executive responsibility should be concentrated, even at the risk of a single election, or of a single officer, doing great harm. Divided responsibility of officials means irresponsibility of officials; and the impossibility of good or evil from a particular election means irresponsibility and indifference on the part of the public. The second thing agreed upon was the necessity of separating municipal from State and National elections. When disinterested citizens are divided upon outside issues, municipal interests are lost sight of, and caucus nominees endorsed without regard to their personal fitness. The third thing was the necessity of extending civil service rules. The presence of spoils means the presence of spoilsmen. The fourth thing agreed upon was that, in a sense, every city has the government it deserved, and that the teaching and preaching and practicing of civic patriotism are absolutely essential if the governments of our cities are to be kept true to the public interests. The appeals to the churches for a Christianity which concerned itself with public morality as much as private morality were especially stirring. The soundness of these recommendations and the vigorous municipal spirit manifested made the Conference an event of public importance. The only limitation to its usefulness was its failure to consider the social reform measures in which the working class organizations are concerned. The entire public can be aroused only by a reform programme which vitally affects the entire public, and the need of light upon the new social questions furnishes abundant occasion for the proposed reassembling of the Conference either in New York or in Minneapolis.

Chicagoans say that with the rapid growth of their city New York will soon lose its prestige as the metropolis of the country, and hence lose a consequent business of many millions annually. Not so, if the plans incorporated in the "Greater New York" bills now before the Cities Committees of the two Houses of the New York State Legislature should be carried. One of the bills (Mr. Cantor's) provides for submitting to a vote of the citizens of localities affected the question of consolidating all the territory about the mouth of the Hudson into one municipality, while the other bill (Mr. Reynolds's) provides for the consolidation of New York City and Brooklyn only, with a uniform system of taxation. It is said by some that consolidation would so add to New York's tax-rate as to render the scheme impossible; by others, that there would be but a small sum added to the New York rate, and that this addition would be only just, as citizens of Brooklyn who do business in New York pay largely into her tax fund. If Brooklyn could be secured, the other localities would probably come in when they were wanted; but Brooklyn could not be secured without some assurance of advantage to herself, such as would be afforded by an equal tax-rate. Mr. Graves, of the Consolidation League, says that the League in one year secured 21,000 members in Brooklyn pledged to vote and work for consolidation. As a matter of course the keenest sentiment in favor of annexation comes from the Brooklyn real-estate owners, whose property would be increased in value.

The "Evening Post" contains an open letter from President Seth Low, of Columbia College, to the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Chairman of the Committee of Cities in the New York Assembly, declaring himself opposed to a bi-partisan Board of Police, and succinctly stating the argument for a single

and independent Police Commissioner. This argument is stated so compactly that we transfer it to our columns:

"On the other hand, the proper duties of the Police Department can be better performed by one man than by a commission. Until it becomes wise to place an army under the charge of four generals, it cannot be wise to place a Police Department under the control of four men. There is, in the first place, a great loss of responsibility as towards the community; and, in the second place, there is great unevenness and inconsistency in administration. The founders of this Republic committed all the great administrative offices of the general government to a single head. Our cities do not show their wisdom in departing from this practice. They rather illustrate their lack of wisdom, which is the more evident from the fact that they depart from instead of following so great an example."

We repeat the desire which we have already expressed, that some one will present the argument, if there is any argument to be presented, in favor of a bi-partisan Board.

After the violent political tempest let loose by the Panama scandal, France is enjoying a period of quietness, which may last until the Presidential election, or which may give place any day to another sudden cyclone; for it is always the unexpected which happens in French politics. All things continue to move, however, with the Republic and to make for its stability. The recent elections to the French Senate were, from this point of view, eminently satisfactory. Among the seats vacated were fourteen formerly held by members of the anti-Republican minority. Of these fourteen outgoing members ten presented themselves for re-election, and of these ten one announced his unqualified adhesion to the Republic. The result was that only five out of the other nine were re-elected, all of these coming from that center of conservatism, the Breton country. One of the most signal and significant of the Republican victories was the election of a Republican in Finisterre, a stronghold of the old-time Catholic monarchical sentiment. Gains were made, too, in old-time Orleanist and Bonapartist sections. The Moderate Republicans lost five seats to the Radicals, and one of these successful Radicals is described as a Radical Socialist. M. Floquet defeated a Socialist opponent; and M. Waddington, who has since died, was beaten by a Radical, whose strength lay, however, in powerful local connections and influence rather than in his Radicalism. The result as a whole materially diminishes the strength of the old and dying opposition to the Republic in the Senate, and materially increases the strength of the Moderate Republicans. One interesting feature of the situation is the nomination of Count Albert de Mun for member of the Chamber of Deputies by the Conservative and Clerical caucus in the district of Finisterre, heretofore represented by an irreconcilable Monarchist. Count de Mun will be opposed by a Legitimist candidate, but there appears to be a very strong probability of his election.

The pacification of Sicily proceeds by virtue of the presence of an overpowering body of troops, but it is much to be hoped that the Government will now carry out its intention of inaugurating substantial reforms in that oppressed island. It is agreed by those best acquainted with the condition of Sicily that the oppression there is of a very unusual and bitter kind, while the people, although, through isolation and tradition, given to feuds and violence, are industrious, faithful, and governable. The agricultural laborers, who compose the bulk of the population, do not earn more than ten or twelve cents a day, and are unable to work, as a rule, more than two-thirds of the year, and yet on these slender earnings is imposed a heavy taxation of the most offensive and irritating kind. The London "Speaker"

tells the story of a man who tried to pass the octroi, or officials who collect the municipal tax at the gates of the cities, with vegetables on which the duty amounted to seven cents. The unfortunate man had, however, only six cents, and in order to secure the balance the officials took his coat from his back and held it in pawn. Among the three and more millions of people who live on the island of Sicily there are, it is said, about two thousand noble families, led by no less than seven ducal families. Very many of these families are absentees, and all of them live on the rent of their estates, which are worked by the agricultural laborer at ten cents a day, with a tax on every bit of vegetable or other product which he takes into his home in the village or city from the fields where it has been raised. Under these circumstances the outbreak in Sicily is certainly not without justification; and the fact that in the processions, in company with the Socialist banners, have been carried the portraits of the King and the Queen, together with the crucifix, shows that the Sicilian population is not primarily Anarchistic nor Republican, that it is fighting neither society, the King, nor the Church, but for its daily bread.

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Although there seem to be no facts to justify it save the appearance of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean and the massing of French men-of-war in the same sea, there is unquestionably widespread anxiety and apprehension in Europe over the general situation. This is shown in the suspicion which finds voice in Italy of the interference of the French in Sicily, and of the stimulus given to disorder there by French counsels and French money. The belief is undoubtedly held in some quarters that a concerted movement is going on which may bring about a general war, and that a part of this movement is to neutralize the power of Italy by fomenting internal disorders. This done, the next step will be an aggressive action on the part of France touching the English occupation of Egypt. This finds some justification in the unusually prompt and decisive action of the English Ministry upon the apparently harmless criticism of the English army in which the Khedive has recently indulged. This young and inexperienced ruler has been forced to retract what he has said, and to praise the things which he has condemned. It seems unlikely that England would take so strong a stand about a kind of criticism to which she must be indifferent, if there were not a suspicion that French influence was at work on the Nile. It is quite possible that neither in Sicily nor in Egypt have events been shaped by French intrigue, but the fact that the belief is held is significant of the general anxiety and suspiciousness of temper. It is noted also that the German Government is quietly hoarding money, and that France is collecting a strong, able force in the Mediterranean, and there are some facts that seem to indicate an attempt on the part of the French to add Spain to the Franco-Russian alliance. The situation in Servia is also causing anxiety on account of the suspicion that the hand of Russia has been put forth, and that an attempt is being made to stir up strife in the Balkan region by way of an excuse for an attack on Austria. All this anxiety and these suspicions may be unfounded, but they are significant as indicating the feeling at the courts.

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The "Journal des Débats" announces that a French military column is occupying Timbuctoo, and has met with no resistance from the natives. The name of this city has perhaps a more familiar sound than that of any other of those strange, distant places about which we know almost

nothing, but yet which somehow seem marvelously well known through nursery rhymes and other songs. An occupation by France would be only poetic justice, as the first white man to know the city was a French sailor, who fell into the hands of the Arabs through shipwreck on the African coast, and was by them enslaved. Two hundred years passed before Timbuctoo (or Timbuktu) saw its next European visitor, in the person of Major Laing, who had been commissioned by England to explore the river Niger, and who was promptly murdered by the natives. Two years later occurred the visit of René Caillé, who, journeying to the forbidden city under the guise of a poor pilgrim in an Arabian caravan, and so escaping with his life, was the first to publish to the world an account of the place. Next came the sojourn of that famous traveler Barth in 1853, after which no European entered the gates until the visit of Dr. Lenz in 1880. From this latest account we learn that the city is unhealthy, but renowned for its learning and for its manuscript collections in the mosques and schools, while it is also the natural meeting-place of Soudanese and Saharan traders in exchanging the products of north and south. It is thus an emporium for salt, gold-dust, ivory, kola nuts, ostrich-feathers, coral, knives, and tobacco. The civil administration is in the hands of a *kahia* or hereditary mayor. If France should obtain ascendancy on the middle Niger, Timbuctoo, with its commanding situation on the border between the Soudan and Sahara, might realize, after all, the poetic pictures of Tennyson and Thackeray.

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Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, whose untimely death at Venice last week has brought sorrow to a great circle of readers and friends, was a woman of rare literary ability. With the modesty and indifference to applause characteristic of a true artist, she kept her personality from being the subject of much comment in the public prints, but her short stories and her longer novels have been appreciated by all those who care for work of genuine literary quality. She has put into literature the characteristic features of two landscapes very widely removed. In her youth she made extensive Western journeys with her father, and learned to know thoroughly the Lake Superior region; in later life she went to Florida, where she reveled in semi-tropical nature. Her descriptions of the Florida scenery, and especially of the Florida swamp, are unsurpassed. Miss Woolson was fastidious, reserved, and exceedingly reticent touching her own personality. She had great elevation and refinement of nature, and, while her work was public property, she held herself in dignified seclusion. Her work was very uneven, but at its best is wholly admirable, and she holds a high rank among the small but growing company of women of literary genius in this country.

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GENERAL NEWS.—Admiral Benham, of our navy, acting, not officially, but as an individual, has been trying to bring President Peixoto and Admiral da Gama to arrange the differences between the two contending forces in Brazil, but so far without success; as we go to press reports come that American merchant ships have been fired on by the insurgents, and that Admiral Benham has returned the fire from the Detroit.—Sir Gerald Herbert Portal, the British Political Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, died last week in London.—The New York State Senate has adopted a closure rule; a bill allowing \$1,000,000 to be spent immediately on the New York City parks has passed.—The hat-factories in Danbury, Conn., have generally resumed work, large numbers of the locked-out men coming

back as individuals and signing the agreements which they had formerly objected to.—Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia "Ledger," is seriously ill.—The Mid-winter Fair was formally opened in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, last Saturday.—Rioting by Poles occurred last week in the Pan Handle mining regions of Pennsylvania.—The town of Kuchan, Persia, has been destroyed by an earthquake; 12,000 people are reported to have been killed.—The United States Senate Judiciary Committee has postponed for one week action on the nomination of Mr. Peckham to the Supreme Court Bench.



Bismarck in Berlin

The most picturesque if not the most important event of last week was the return of Prince Bismarck to Berlin, where almost royal honors were extended to him by the Emperor. Several times before advances toward a reconciliation have come from the Emperor, but they have been declined, probably because they were extended in such a way as to involve a change of attitude on the part of the ex-Chancellor which he was not willing to make. All Germany was delighted a few days ago when the report went abroad that the Emperor had sent an officer of his own staff to Prince Bismarck with a cordial greeting and a hearty invitation to accept the royal hospitality in Berlin, and the delight broke into acclamations when that invitation was accepted. On Friday morning of last week Prince Bismarck left his home at Friedrichsruhe and made a triumphal progress to the capital, crowds gathering about every station, the engine covered with garlands of flowers, and the whole country standing idle during the day as if to witness a great pageant. At the Berlin station Bismarck was met by the Emperor's brother and escorted through the streets, packed with people, to the palace, where he was received by the Emperor with every demonstration of honor and affection. The visit was a brief one, and was evidently purely social in its character, for the ex-Chancellor left the palace the same evening, attended by the same honors, and returned to his home. The great place which Bismarck holds in the German heart was never more clearly manifest than in the tumult of enthusiastic applause which swept behind and before him at every point last Friday. In Berlin it seemed as if the people could not contain themselves, and the tumult of rejoicing was more like Paris than the staid German capital.

It will be four years next month since Bismarck parted from his royal master, having been dismissed from an office which he had held under two Emperors, and which had permitted him to impose an imperial policy upon an empire which he had largely aided in constructing. There will always be a difference of opinion as to the merits of the two men who parted in bitterness four years ago; for, while Bismarck has rendered very great service to Germany, and especially to the family of which the Emperor is now the head, his arbitrary temper must have made him a difficult servant for a master who had any inclination to rule for himself. The expression of popular feeling on the forced retirement of the Chancellor was, however, right in this respect, that it was a recognition of the great part played by Bismarck in the consolidation of the Empire, and of the peculiar obligations under which he had placed the young Emperor. It was felt, in view of these services and of the family obligation, that a young man ought to go to great lengths in the matter of deferring to the opinion of the foremost public man on the Continent.

Bismarck was by no means quiet in his retirement; on the

contrary, he has expressed himself with the very greatest freedom, and has so irritated the Emperor that the latter has been apparently more than once on the point of prosecuting him. He wisely forebore, however, and he has now had the wisdom to recognize the weight of the Chancellor's claims upon him and the necessity of reconciliation. There is no possibility of the return of Bismarck to power; but there is apparently every probability that the days of the great statesman are numbered, and if he had died unreconciled with the Emperor, there would always have been a bitter feeling on the part of the German people toward one who, in their judgment, had failed of common gratitude. The Emperor has wisely taken warning, and, by every possible expression of affection and honor, has done what he could to remove this feeling, to give the great servant of his family the place which belongs to him in the eyes of the country, and to erase, as far as possible, the bitter memories of the last four years. Nothing that the Emperor could have done would have brought him greater popularity than this act of reconciliation, and probably nothing could have given Bismarck greater satisfaction than this official restoration, not to his former position, but to the great historic place which he holds in modern German life, and to the honors which belong to him. Nothing that the Emperor William could do would change by one iota the historical rank of Bismarck; whether his days are few or many, his work is substantially done. But the German people, in whose nature sentiment has so large a place, cannot but be deeply gratified by this action of their ruler, who has recalled the ex-Chancellor from retirement and treated him as if he were a king. The results of the reconciliation are already evident in the enthusiastic celebration of the Emperor's thirty-fifth birthday on Saturday, and the comments made at the great capitals; for while Bismarck cannot return to power, his advice can be sought and followed, and it is known that he strongly favors the establishment of a cordial understanding with Russia, and that he deprecates the feeling of hostility which has been developed of late years by the coldness of the German court toward the Russian court. The reconciliation, therefore, is likely to strengthen the Triple Alliance and to diminish the tension of feeling between Germany and Russia.



A Word to the Wise

The voters of the United States may be roughly divided into two classes—partisans and non-partisans. By partisan we mean "one devotedly attached to a party." By non-partisan we mean one slightly or not at all attached to a party. The first adheres to his party whatever its fortunes and whatever its errors. Its defeats do not lessen his loyalty; its shortcomings only intensify his zeal to remain in it and reform it. His vote can be counted on to support it at the polls, in all elections and under all exigencies. The non-partisan does not belong to a party; his party is to him only an instrument for the accomplishment of a political end. And he passes from one party to another easily, as he judges that the ends he desires can be accomplished better by the success of one or another party. Wisdom counsels the political leader to seek the vote of this non-partisan; for no ordinary blunder can lose the vote of his own partisan followers, and no political sagacity can win for his party the partisan voter of the opposing party. Ordinarily the non-partisan vote is divided more or less equally between the two great political parties. In 1888 the non-partisans were alarmed by the

tariff message of Mr. Cleveland, and enough of them voted for Mr. Harrison to elect him. They voted for him because they dreaded free-trade legislation, and desired only conservative modifications of the tariff. In 1892 they voted for Mr. Cleveland, because they did not believe in the high-protection tariff of Mr. McKinley. In 1894 they are watching the course of the two political parties, and deciding how they shall vote at the next election.

And the course of the Democratic party is not giving them satisfaction. They do not believe in an income tax. They do not all believe in free trade. They do not believe in a party which appears to fluctuate between gold monometallism and reckless silver legislation. They do not believe in a foreign policy which attempts to interfere in the governmental affairs of a weaker neighbor, even for the purpose of righting what the party leaders think to be a great wrong. They do not believe in the introduction of factional politics in determining the question of appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States.

What, in such an exigency, does political wisdom require of Republican Senators in the United States Senate? It requires putting country above party. It requires putting public interest above personal pique. It forbids following the short-sighted leader who imagines that he serves his party by fomenting factional strife over the nomination to the Supreme Court Bench. It forbids Republican co-operation with the faction led by Senator Hill, and voting with him for the rejection of a leader of the New York Bar because he was also a leader of the people in their revolt against a corrupt Democratic ring, which had dominated and disgraced the Empire State. It forbids attempting to rob, under the thin disguise of the "courtesy of the Senate," the President of his appointing power in order to transfer it to the Senators of the State from which the appointment is to be made.

The Democratic Representatives who are endeavoring to load the Wilson Bill with an income tax, and the Republican Senators who are joining with the Hill Democrats in an endeavor to defeat an unexceptionable appointment to the Supreme Court Bench, are each working for the defeat of their own party in 1896, and are unconsciously combining to disgust the non-partisan voter, who always holds the balance of power in the United States, with both parties, and so to prepare the way, in so far as they can, for a third-party movement, with more chance for success than any such movement has had in the past.

A word to the wise is sufficient; but, also, a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse. Which proverb applies in this case? We shall see.



A Good Example

The eight-hour movement has won a great victory in England. Eight hours has been adopted as the normal working day by the War Department, and this not on the basis of any mere sentiment, but as a result of minute and exhaustive inquiries at Woolwich Arsenal, conducted for a period of seven months. As a result, the most skeptical have been convinced, apparently, that the change from nine to eight hours is not only an act of justice, but, like all acts of justice, will be a gain to both government and men. The wages are not to be lowered. Even the well-worn satire concerning "nine hours' wages for eight hours' work" has been ineffectual to block the reform. A report in the "London Chronicle" thus describes some of the advantages from the change:

"The actual time-table has not been drawn up, but it will, I fancy,

work out something as follows: The men will no longer have to leave home breakfastless at an unearthly hour in the morning—and such mornings!—but they will begin at eight instead of six, and will have their morning meal before a stroke of work is done. The employer, therefore, saves a needless and costly break in the early portion of the day's work; the men gain in comfort and in reasonable hours. Mr. Mather is strong in insisting on the advantage of this arrangement, and on the way in which it removes the sore temptation to early morning 'nips' on the empty stomach, and on the much brighter and more human domestic life which it opens up."

The change will immediately affect 20,000 men; but indirectly it will affect a much larger number. For the chief value of the victory is, not that 20,000 men will work under humane conditions, but that the British Government in one very important department has thrown overboard the doctrine of *laissez faire* and "labor a commodity to be hired in the cheapest market," and has adopted the New Testament doctrine, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." The Outlook has always believed in the New Testament doctrine, and rejoices to see it officially adopted by the British Government in one department—rejoices all the more because it has been adopted in spite of all the arguments for the old economic creed. We believe that in the attempt to solve this our industrial problem the government should be a leader in the movement toward justice and humanity, for the government is the people acting in a corporate capacity, and the example set by the people cannot be permanently disregarded by individual and private enterprises.



Can We Teach a Non-Theological Religion?

We stated last week what seems to us to be the fundamental question at issue in our public school discussion: Can we inspire religion without teaching theology? For the number of parents in the United States who are unwilling that their children should be inspired with the spirit of faith, hope, and love is so insignificant that they may be disregarded in determining any question of public policy; whereas we all object, more or less strenuously, to any teaching of a theology which we disbelieve; and we are not agreed in our theological beliefs. So it is proposed to abolish all religious teaching in order to be free of theology; which Mr. Huxley tersely and effectively characterizes as "burning your ship to get rid of the cockroaches."

But this question underlies church and household teaching as well as systems of public education. The days of catechisms have apparently passed—at least for large masses of intelligent, virtuous, religious households. And we are constantly assured that congregations are weary of theology in the pulpit; which is certainly true if the theology is offered as a substitute for religion. Thus the question confronts us in home, church, school: Can we inspire religion without teaching theology? Perhaps we can answer this question in no way more effectively than by asking another: What system of theology did Jesus Christ teach?

It is true that attempts have often been made to deduce a system of theology from the teachings of Jesus Christ, but never with distinguished success. And by common consent such systems have to be deduced from his teachings—they are not explicit in his teachings. The Wesleyan is sure that Christ taught Arminianism; the Calvinist is equally sure that he taught election and predestination. The Trinitarian is clear that he taught an Athanasian theol-

ogy, and the followers of Dr. Channing are equally clear that his theology was Unitarian. The Quaker finds in his teaching the theory of the "inner light," and the Puritan the theory of the supreme and final authority of the Scripture. The Episcopalian finds Apostolical succession, the Romanist the supremacy of Peter, and the Congregationalist the independence of the local church. The Socialist thinks Jesus Christ was the founder of Socialism, and the Individualist is equally certain that he was the prophet of Individualism. If Jesus Christ were the teacher of a theology, the simple fact that entirely honest disciples understand him so differently would constitute a fatal criticism of his teaching. The real explanation of these differences is not that he was obscure, or evasive, or used words with a double meaning, but that he was not teaching theology at all. He was inspiring religion, which is quite a different matter; and he inspired a religion so large, so vital, so comprehensively adapted to men of all epochs, all temperaments, and all stages of intellectual development, that it enters into and vitalizes every form of religious thought, as it does every form of religious ceremonial. Religion is the molten metal; theology is the mold into which it is run. The religion of Jesus Christ has been run into a great variety of theological molds.

This non-theological quality has characterized in all ages the highest forms of religious teaching. It is distinctive in all the best religious poetry. Charles Wesley was an Arminian, Toplady was a Calvinist; but one must go outside their familiar hymns to learn the fact. No one would guess that "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was written by a Unitarian, or "The Eternal Goodness" by a Quaker, or

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea"

by a Roman Catholic. In the "Imitation" by Thomas à Kempis there is a mediæval flavor, but little, if any, sign of distinctive Roman Catholic theology; and as little of distinctive Anglican theology in the "Holy Living and Dying" of Jeremy Taylor. The greatest preacher of the last decade in this country was Phillips Brooks, and it was made a constant criticism of him, as it was his real glory, that one could not tell what was his theology. This was not because he was either timid or obscure, but because he was a teacher of religion, not of theology. Mr. Moody is also a great preacher, though of a widely different type; and though, doubtless, Mr. Moody's teaching is affected by his theology, he is not a teacher of theology, but a preacher of religion. His theology has to be deduced from his preaching; and if any one will take, as we have done, a volume of his sermons, and attempt to deduce a comprehensive system of theology out of them, he will find it only less difficult than to deduce such a system from Phillips Brooks's sermons or from the discourses of Jesus Christ. And when he has finished his task, the theology will be largely his own, read into the sermons, not deduced from them, still less explicitly taught by them. Most ministers have to put their religious teaching into theological forms; but that is their weakness, not their strength. And the more religious and the less theological their preaching, the more it emphasizes the spirit and the less it emphasizes the intellectual form, the more nearly it approaches the incomparable ideal which the Master has afforded.

How to inspire religion without teaching theology is another question, and to answer it requires much study, and more meditation. But that such non-theological teaching of religion is possible is demonstrated alike by the example of the greatest preachers, by the whole stream of Christian hymnody, and by the example of the Great Preacher.

Editorial Notes

—It had a mediæval sound when we read in last week's papers of the church trial of three persons for charging a fellow-member with witchcraft. But, after all, a belief in witches is only a kind of heresy, and, like many other heresies, was once orthodoxy. Perhaps some other recent charges of heresy will be pronounced mediæval before the new century dawns.

—The comments of the English papers on the outspoken declarations of Mr. Rhodes as to what would happen if an attempt were made to run Cape Colony for the benefit of England show how much we have done to educate the descendants of our British forefathers. The London journals scold Mr. Rhodes soundly, but they intimate that if the time should come when the South African colonies wish to set up on their own account, why, they may do it, and the Home Government will send neither Admiral Howe nor General Burgoyne to fetch them back!

—Dickens's strictures on Chancery's "law's delays" in "Bleak House" had a great deal to do with the reform in the system of English courts. Yet a Chancery case came up recently which has been in court since 1747! Contrary to the case of "Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce" in "Bleak House," the sum involved has grown instead of diminishing and finally vanishing. But the case is not settled yet, and Mr. Justice Chitty intimated that the claimants would be very lucky indeed if they ever actually got any money after the Government was through with the case.

—The Rev. A. V. V. Raymond, D.D., of Albany, who was last week unanimously elected President of Union College, is eminently qualified to succeed in a difficult position. He is a man of varied abilities, of unusual force of character, and of a very attractive personality. An admirable speaker, a born wit, and possessed of a geniality of temper which attracts all men without in any way blurring the keen edges of his character, Dr. Raymond has made a host of friends, and his accession to the presidency of Union will mark an era of growth in the history of that institution.

—Last year the population of Japan was increased by nearly four hundred thousand persons, and now amounts to over forty-one millions. There are nearly four thousand nobles, the gentry number two millions, and the rest are commoners. They evidently live long in Japan; for the census reports seventy-five hundred people over ninety, and one hundred and forty over a hundred years of age. The present anomalous order of things as to the Japanese and foreign courts should be readjusted. There are continual illustrations of the inconvenience on both sides arising from extra-territorial jurisdiction.

—Citizens of a republic may feel a just pride in the fact that their ruler cannot easily aggrandize himself or his family at the expense of art or patriotism. Ever since the death of William I., there has been a public subscription in Germany for a national monument to his memory. Most of the competitors introduced as subordinate figures Bismarck, Moltke, and others. The Emperor, however, has set at naught the decision of the jury, and selected as a model the statue of William I. with four emblematical Victories, thus making the monument exclusively to the glory of the Hohenzollerns.

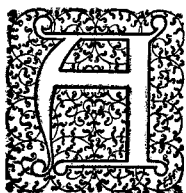
—If her English critics are to be believed, open-mindedness is not one of the characteristics of the British matron, but evidences appear occasionally of something like a knowledge of this country among intelligent English women. A correspondent of the London "Speaker" goes so far as to express her preference for American tendencies in the matter of the training of girls rather than for the French. "The American girl," says this correspondent, "is allowed to choose her own acquaintances and to go where she pleases without too rigid a censorship from the mother, and the American girl seldom comes to harm; she is very attractive—quite able to hold her own with her married sister—and, generally speaking, I believe, she is a very good girl." To an American, who knows American girls, there is something very droll in this solemn and cautious commendation from abroad.

—The Charleston "News and Courier" recently announced in striking head-lines that the State of South Carolina had passed under "rum rule." As the "News and Courier" is itself a passionate defender of the liquor-dealers, these head-lines aroused interest in the indictment of the State Administration which followed. The reform Administration, it charged, is building up through its dispensaries a power like that of Tammany Hall. Within a year, it said, there may be one hundred and fifty dispensaries! Think of it!—a hundred and fifty liquor-stores in a State! This, however, is only a "may be." At present, the article admitted, there are but one hundred. But in every one of these, it went on with alarm, the dispenser receives \$750 a year, and in the cities \$1,000!! In some places the dispenser even has a clerk!!! The Tammany tiger, with nine thousand metropolitan saloons to slake its thirst, must certainly look out for its laurels in the political arena.

Elizabeth Peabody

A Reminiscence

By Jane Marsh Parker



ALL who knew Miss Elizabeth Peabody, whose death at the age of ninety took place the other day, could not help recognizing her in Miss Birdseye, of "The Bostonians," by Henry James, published as a serial in the "Century" in 1885—that "dear little old lady with a soft, sad, pale face and a dim little smile. . . . She would smile more if she had time. . . . One of the earliest, one of the most passionate, of the old Abolitionists, the romance of whose life had been in smoothing the pillows of exile for banished conspirators of one kind or another, who had been in love only with causes, and who languished only for emancipations. . . . She looked as if she had spent her life on platforms; . . . her faded, blurred face had acquired an upward angle suggesting listening to a public speaker in the thick air in which social reforms are usually discussed. . . ."

I was so fortunate as to be the guest of a personal friend of Miss Peabody's when the first installment of "The Bostonians" came out. I had never seen her, and when my host declared that Miss Birdseye (we were reading the story aloud) was surely drawn from Miss Peabody, my desire to see her was greater than ever, severe as was our censure of Mr. James all in all. Right upon our discussion of the ethics of portraiture in fiction came a letter to Mr. — from Miss Peabody. She was in the city. She had several affairs of importance to attend to; one of them was the writing down from his own lips his very earliest psychological experiences—particularly his first consciousness of God. She was collecting such experiences from men of mark—the great minds of the country—and was particularly desirous to obtain his. Would he give her three days? They must talk together, perhaps for the last time. She was then past eighty years old.

I congratulated myself upon meeting Miss Peabody under such interesting circumstances, and awaited her arrival with impatience. What a brisk, alert, cheery little woman it was who came into the library one night just before dinner, her snow-white, soft, silky ringlets curled back from her strong yet most delicate face, the square of lace above them confirming just what had been published of Miss Birdseye's cap—it was askew and "had an air of falling backward," and she was "feeling for its recovery" as she gave me one of her "delicate democratic little hands." It was plain that her presentation to strangers had interrupted what she had been saying to Mr. — when the carriage had stopped at the door, and that she had resumed it on her way to her room, and then in descending the stairs, and again renewed as soon as she was seated before the fireplace, a circle of listeners on either hand—the wrongs of the Piute Indians, in whose behalf she was going to Washington to see President Cleveland, and to lobby some bill or bills through Congress. The Piute Indians went out to dinner with us, and while the rest of us feasted on many courses Miss Peabody ate frugally of the simplest fare, discoursing eloquently yet with marvelous conciseness and directness, considering all she had to tell and told, upon what seemed to be her absorbing hobby.

Miss Peabody's gift for monologue, for talking like a

book, an indisputable authority, surpassed anything in my experience. From what I had read of Macaulay and Madame de Stael, I felt sure that in a competitive test of "the blessed gift of continuousness" Miss Peabody would be second to none; while the charm of her talk, unless one was persistent in trying to ask questions, was that of the most delightful of reminiscences and personal confidences. She had an original, spicy, terse way of saying things that stimulated attention, kept up an expectancy for something better yet. She held to her thread, no matter what its length; never dropped a stitch; and her sequences were so simple and clear that following her was seldom baffling or fatiguing.

Her intellectual vigor—I am now quoting from notes made at the time—surpasses everything, and what a reservoir her memory is, and how readily she turns on a stream from any one of its countless faucets! Ask her any question you please—(who would presume upon anything trivial?)—and her reply convinces you at the outset

that the subject has been definitely settled in her mind and that she can give you good reasons therefor, which she proceeds to do at once. Somebody led to the turning on of the Channing faucet just as we sat down at dinner last night. There was biography for you! Why didn't she put all those delicious memories into her Channing Reminiscences? Who knew every phase of his troublous seeking for truth as she did? "The hardest work I ever did in my life," she said, "the very hardest"—and we knew she had done a great deal of it—"was copying Channing's sermons from rough notes while he read aloud to me a translation of Plato." That was a test of her brain's duality that she had reason to be proud of. She had made no mistakes with her pen and the revisions, and had taken in Plato at the same time. . . . Everything she talks about seems her hobby while she has it in hand. Not



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Elizabeth Palmer Peabody

once again has she referred to the Piute Indians since she dropped them so reluctantly the other night. . . . Of course we could not let her miss telling all about the Concord School of Philosophy and its wise men and women. She began with German philosophy, and talked of Hegel and Kant in a way that even I could understand. When visitors came in she went back over what she had been saying, just as a considerate teacher would do with tardy pupils. She prophesies great things as the outcome of Concord. The progress of humanity takes place only in the high spheres of the intellectual—the privileged few. . . . It is long past midnight. She alone seemed fresh enough to sit up longer. . . . She must have been dreaming of Abraham Lincoln. She came down the stairs this morning talking about him. The subject elated her wonderfully, and if some of us were rather heavy-eyed from tarrying late at Concord, it was not she. She understands Lincoln's character, as she does everything. She makes it a key to the future of our Republic. He was the typical American citizen. She gave a graphic description of what she saw at the White House reception following Lincoln's inaugural, in which he had said that "every drop drawn by the lash should be paid by one drawn by the sword." It seems that Frederick Douglass had been denied admission to that reception, and had managed to send in word to Lincoln asking if he approved of his exclusion. Miss Peabody saw the meeting between

Lincoln and Douglass when the latter had been brought back from where he was in waiting for Lincoln's reply. In all her experience she had seen nothing that had impressed her so deeply as when those two men gazed into each other's faces, with a firm grasp on each other's hands. Once out of the breakfast-room (Mrs. — had despaired of ever getting us into the library), Miss Peabody took up her reminiscences of Wendell Phillips, Garrison, and the stormy campaigns of Abolition. What flavorless times those of to-day must seem to her! . . . We have been through the cathedrals of Europe, personally conducted by Miss Peabody. She used to get up at five in the morning, she says, and go into the cathedrals alone. "Then they seemed to me to be *alive*; they were the living verities, the priests mumbling before the altars were dead men—deader than the old stones." Of a Christ above one of the altars she said: "Should he outstretch those arms and fold them together, he would take in the whole world." Nobody took a second muffin after that.

From the Christ of art she led us to the historic Christ, dwelling upon the peculiar preparation he had in his childhood for his great mission to humanity, and wherein art has failed in many masterpieces to interpret the real idea of the mission of the Christ. "Do you know," she asked, "that the Catholic Church has not a single good picture of the Resurrection? It never got beyond a dead Christ."

From nine o'clock this morning until the luncheon-bell at 12:30 we sat listening. . . . Dr. Peabody, her father, had a hand in throwing that tea into Boston Harbor. At his house the first meeting was held for discussing rebelling against England. How familiarly she talked of John Hancock, even criticising some of his motives in taking the stand he did! That story of her mother's fight with adverse fortune was touchingly told. How the famous names of old-time Bostonians rang through her story; how she took us around to their back doors and let us gossip with them as never before; how the Wendells, and Higginsons, and Brookses, and all the rest, ran in and out in the most commonplace way! Brook Farm was in sight when the luncheon-bell rang. "Put a pin in Brook Farm," said Mrs. —. "Don't let her take it up until we are all rested a little."

Such a pile of letters as she wrote while we were taking our naps—the rain shutting us all within doors! She seemed a little weary when we gathered around her, intent upon getting her story of Brook Farm, until, some one making an allusion to Spiritualism, she turned on her faucet of reminiscences in that field of wonderful manifestations: her investigation of the subject; her conviction that Spiritualism was not a delusion, maligned as it had been by impostors; her interesting experience with the Fox girls; her interest in Katie, with whom she slept at Horace Greeley's, and saw and heard things that could only be explained as supernatural; her own communications with the unseen world; her conversation through a medium with Dr. Channing—will we ever forget her face in the firelight as she talked in that deepening twilight, the rain and the wind outside? What could she not have told us then of ghosts that we would not have believed? . . . She says that there is little or no sympathy between Swedenborgians and Spiritualists. Swedenborg predicted, his followers say, that Spiritism (as they call it) would come to pass; that it would come through the agency of evil spirits, not of good. Swedenborg's lack of imagination had always repelled her; his heavenly visions were of the earth, earthy.

At dinner we led her to speak of her own literary work. She recited a poem she wrote years ago on Crawford's statue of Orpheus. "Now wasn't that well done?" she asked, looking around the table with a childlike smile; and most sincerely we could say that it was. . . . She has heard that Ignatius Donnelly is in town. She is impatient to see him. She must find him the first thing to-morrow. She does not commit herself to his theory, but she is keenly interested in it, and knows the whole subject of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. This gave us her version of the story of Delia Bacon, whom she knew very

well, and whose scheme for searching the tomb of Shakespeare and her pitiful failure was told us in detail. . . . If she leaves to-morrow morning, when will she interview Mr. — as to his earliest psychological experiences? He does not remind her of what she seems to have forgotten, nor will he permit any of us to do so. She was to be ready for the carriage at eleven. . . . She talked kindergartens for some time after breakfast—the best lecture I ever heard upon the subject. Long before any of the rest of us were ready for the drive, she was sitting near the vestibule with her wraps on, her bag beside her, suggesting a companion-piece for the Minute-man of old New England days. Sitting there, with her umbrella in hand, the very impersonation of promptness and independence, she began telling us of Brook Farm, pricking many of our ideals. . . .

A letter came from Miss Peabody this morning. Mr. — is to send her in writing the answers to certain questions concerning his earliest psychological experiences. She was studying him, it seems, while she was talking to us of various matters—another illustration of her brain's disciplined quality, of her ability to listen to a reading of Plato while she copies and revises something like Channing's sermons. . . . Last evening we were bidden to hear Miss Peabody at a parlor lecture in behalf of the Piute Indians. Such a cold, bitter night for the little gentlewoman to take the long drive she was obliged to, and she suffering from a serious cold! Her carriage was ordered, by those who try to take good care of her, at ten o'clock. The hour had struck, our carriages were all waiting, but still the discourse went on and on and on. Then came a sharp ring at the bell, and the gruff, loud protest of Miss Peabody's coachman against waiting longer. Not the slightest heed did she give. She still talked on. Another ring, another growling protest above the lecture, another essay to gain her ear, but all in vain. The Piute Indians barred all things else from her consciousness, and matters began to look serious, when, at eleven o'clock, she brought her remarks to a close, without having shown the slightest annoyance or concern at what had disconcerted her hearers. In fact, an interesting appendix to the lecture was begun in the dressing room, and only the urgency of escorts had cut it short. The phenomenal little woman went down the stairs, assuring us that her cause was as good as won, for she was to have a special interview with the President the next day, and she was more than convinced. . . . The clattering of hoofs over the asphalt drowned her voice. . . . That was the last I saw of Miss Peabody.



Lakeland Once More

By William Watson

Region separate, sacred, of mere and torrent and mountain,

Garrulous, petulant beck, sinister, glooming tarn;
Haunt of the vagabond feet of my ever-reverting fancy,
Haunt and home of my heart, Cumbrian vales and fells;
Yours of old was the beauty that rounded my hours with
a nimbus,

Tender and magical light, touching my youth with bloom;
You were my earliest passion, and think you my faith
shall falter?

Yea, when Helvellyn is low; yea, when Winander is dry!
For had I not dwelt where Nature but prattled familiar
language,

Prose of the hedges and lanes, trite in theme as in word?
Here she spake to my spirit in lofty and resonant numbers,
Rhythms of epical mood, silences great as her song.
Years unto years have been gathered, and life hath been
full and rapid;

Hither and thither blown, east and west, have I fared;
Watched in jeweled midnight the Mediterranean twinkling;

Watched, from Como's waves, pinnaced summits on fire;
Heard the tempest beleaguer the bases of savage Tantalion;

Heard the thundering tide crash at Tintagel's feet:
 And fair and stormy fortune my pinnacle of life hath
 weathered,
 Shocks of calamity borne, shattering onsets of joy;
 Mine hath been good unstinted, and mine full portion of
 evil;
 Friendships mine and hates, love and a little fame:
 But ever to you I return, O land in whose mountain portals
 Rustles my past like leaves, memories brush me like wings,
 Meets me my alien phantom, the self that is dead and
 vanished,
 Echoes meet me and dreams, shades that sigh and depart;
 And ever, O meres and valleys, an aureole haunts you of
 roselight,
 Glamour of luminous hours, wraith of my passion of old,
 And the brows of eternal Helvellyn are flushed with a
 virginal rapture,
 Lit with the glow of my youth, crimsoned with dawn of
 my day.



A Critical Word from the Back Pews

By a Teacher of Elocution

I have but recently come from listening, from the back pews, to the sermons of several leading metropolitan clergymen. As to the matter of the several discourses I have only to say that, as was to be expected, it gave evidence in each case of the soundness of the judgment which has assigned to these thinkers and exemplars positions of clerical eminence.

My business, in the present writing, is exclusively with manner. And as to this:

The first sermon heard was deficient—painfully deficient, on the whole—in colloquial naturalness.

I was made to feel that the minister, instead of talking right home to *us* in the pews, was consciously promulgating an official address. This clergyman's voice gave evidence of culture, and his enunciation was extraordinarily distinct. I am confident that if the doors had been open his sermon could have been clearly understood from the outer steps. But the distinctness was formal and conscious; one felt in it the working of the machine.

I will add—as a straw showing the general sweep and course of this sermon's elocution—that the *buts* and *ands* and *fors* and other like connectives were made, by needless effort, to seem to be of equal import with words truly momentous. These faults appeared at their strongest in the Scripture reading. The beautifully simple lines descriptive of the birth of Jesus were given, for instance, much in the manner of a good-voiced crier when he opens a court of high powers. On the whole, a certain grandiosity, with conscious effort, little relieved, characterized this address.

The next clergyman I heard gave us, in general (excepting for certain indications of an ultimate breaking down of voice), an enunciation effectively distinct. His style, too, was most acceptably colloquial. Yet the voice of this scholarly preacher was constricted by chronic spasms about the throat and elsewhere, yielding a *timbre* habitually hard, metallic, and repellent to sympathy. Sometimes—though the minister sought to deal mildly with spiritual truth, and in no wise meant to be condemnatory—his voice gave out an intonation fairly ferocious. Such a vocal manner seems to me deplorable in the pulpit for at least three reasons. First, it is produced in disobedience to physical law, and must entail physical hurt to the user; second, it is painful to the listener; third, it antagonizes the affections, and so renders difficult if not nugatory any form of heart-appeal through the voice. An assistant clergyman read the notices, hymns, and Scriptures in such manner that I could scarcely understand one word of either from beginning to end. This clergyman's voice was excruciatingly non-resonant; he scarcely "opened his mouth to speak" at all, and the little oral opening that he did make seemed obstructed by a wad of moss or dry sponge. His style in general, too, was pitifully lifeless. Surely a clergyman so unfitted for the

mechanical duties of his office should not undertake them till the 'prentice work, assuring competence, is fairly done for him.

Next I attended a liturgical service relieved by a brief sermon. The voice of the pastor was clear and sympathetic, and he read the Scriptures with commendable expression. The style of sermon delivery, too, was in good measure and at times unaffectedly colloquial. I say, in good measure and at times. To a good degree also it was weighted down with a recurrent tune, meaningless in intent, yet conveying to the listener a sense of weariness and acting as a narcotic to his attention. Such a pulpit tune is a heavy handicap to a sermon. The reading of the Bible by an assistant I cannot characterize by euphuisms. Plainly, it was artistically infamous. The lah-de-dah drawl this cleric employed was at an infinite remove from reverence. It was not even colorless or neutral. It expressed (I cannot put the case more mildly) bored impudence or impudent boredom—have it as you will. The reading of the Scriptures in such manner is a flagrant offense, justifying, almost, the physical chastisement of the transgressor. And yet the execrable fad—started, I think, in England—seems to be rapidly spreading among us.

The pastor next heard gave an address admirable in its freedom from declamatory overdoing, but infested with an irritating weakness, manifest especially in the last words and syllables of his lines, which, though the acoustic conditions of the church were excellent, compelled me to keep attention quite constantly on the strain. His enunciation, too, was marked by the peculiarities of a foreign dialect. These peculiarities, however, it is probable he would not wish even to modify.

The last clergyman to whom I listened made his sermon, and, I may add, his principal prayer, a pronounced example, on the whole, of vivid colloquial oratory, infused with dramatic coloring and giving the impression of spontaneity. In hymn and Scripture reading, however, the old-fashioned clerical sing-songs, depressing, monotonous, and lifeless, were all too prevalent. In particular, this preacher exemplified to an astonishing degree the widespread pulpit habit of pulling out the little word "great" (wherever he found it in his reading) like an accordion on the stretch. Indeed, the "accordion-stretched" G R-E-A-T is a ministerial shibboleth. You may note it in pulpits all over the land, especially in those which culture has not much affected.

No clergyman that I had sat under, excepting this one, made any considerable attempt at emphatic gesture or bodily motion. This man's motions were a study. Some of them, produced in obedience to laws which probably he did not understand but yet obeyed on instinct, were good examples of the added force which vocal utterance derives from gesture. Others were irrelevant spasms, evidencing little beyond the physical energy of the speaker, and weakening rather than enforcing his delivery. The voice of this clergyman exhibited also the peculiar mixture of respect for law and surrender to lawlessness shown in his gestures. At times he gave us a tone that was clear and restful to the ear, but the characterizing tones were raucous. Spiritual truths were, indeed, propounded, as a rule, by this clergyman through a vocal *timbre* suitable (I do not exaggerate) to the keeper of a menagerie of bears.

The hearing done, I put to myself this question: "Why do these clergymen, leaders of men as they are and desirous to be, allow these faults of manner to stay by them?"

If any one of them should drift into the usage of disordered grammar or grossly lawless rhetoric, how eagerly he would seek correction, knowing that all his gifts could hardly hold him to his place if these defects continued to obtrude! And yet, somehow, though discerning occupants of the pews, whether technically cultured or not, undoubtedly wince and yawn and frown and inwardly rebel against such faults as we have here depicted, the clergy do not seem to mind them as they should.

I never expect to forget the impression made (a while ago and under my notice) upon the students of a rural academy by a certain violent-mannered clergyman who

addressed them just before graduation. This preacher tore, in the course of his remarks, not only his "passions," but himself nearly to tatters; and the boy declaimers, who had been admonished to be moderate and colloquial, caught the infection of madness from him, and bettered his instructions so far as to make their performance a ridiculous exhibit of crude boisterousness.

The clergyman, whether he wills to be so or not, is a staple example to his hearers, not only in moral and spiritual regards, not only in matters literary, but in vocal and bodily expression also and especially. Is it not, in every sense, well worth his while to bring himself into full obedience to expressional law?



A Maine Man on the Bosphorus

By H. A. Vaughan

There is no doing justice to reminiscences. To be rightly judged they must be read in full. Like other forms



The Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D.

of literary art, they have their principle of unity, but at the approach of scissors and paste it disappears and leaves only *dissecta membra* behind. The most distinctive characteristic of the biography of the passing generation—of such biographies, for instance, as Oliphant's, Burton's, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's—is the marvelous versatility, the kaleidoscopic and cosmopolitan multiformity, of the careers it depicts. Let the reader turn

to the more modest depiction of early Puritan training and missionary adventure which the ex-President of Robert College, Constantinople, has recently written,¹ and he will find the same mark of distinction. Here speaks a New Englander of the old school, who has exercised his inventive genius in a dozen different trades and professions, has embarked upon as many apparently rash enterprises, and has managed, convinced, and governed men of a dozen different nationalities by the use of half as many different languages.

Cyrus Hamlin was born in Maine, of a family which had fought its way to local distinction in the Revolution. There was no such career open for Cyrus and his brother Hannibal, but a New England farm offers battle-ground sufficient for the development of any man's muscle, and the two boys, left fatherless in babyhood, began their battle with life early. There was a charm in the family training of those days, in its homeliness, its strenuous simplicity, its strong yet equable affection, and its unwearied unselfishness, which the self-indulgent parental affection and lax good nature now in vogue will find difficult to rival. When the kitchen was nearer the sitting-room than it is to-day, and the man-of-all-work was a member of the household, living seemed to the small boy of the period a sturdy and substantial business. These privileges alone were worth all the advantages of modern toy-shops, nurseries, and capricious petting. Dr. Hamlin tells a story to the point, which every dispenser of demonstrative sympathy might well take to heart.

"I was between three and four years old," so begins the narrative. "A woman was weaving cloth at the head of the stairs; I was playing near her, and rolled down, bump, bump, to the bottom, making spots black and blue. Just as I came down, John Atherton, a jovial workman, cutting our hay, came in with a honeycomb from a bumblebee's nest, the most delicious honey ever made. He gave me the honey to stop my crying, and told me he would give me another if I would tumble downstairs again. I tumbled down twice more that day, and I can remember his

shouts of laughter; for I was all black and blue, and my mother stopped the play at once. I had no design of tumbling down, but probably I played round at the top of the stairs, so that, if there was to be a tumble, I should be at hand; and I had three honeycombs."

There was, however, undemonstrative sympathy and unambitious sentiment in plenty. The farewell to the farm, when the boy of sixteen started out to make his fortune, betrays it. "With hearts ready to break," he confesses sixty years after, "we parted with New England reserve and self-possession. Such experiences always nerved the New Englander up to the quality of tempered steel. The only part bordering on pathos was when my mother, with a tremor in her voice, gave me a Bible and asked me to read it every day. And then I slipped out to the barn to bid my dumb friends farewell with 'a lantern dimly burning.' I kissed the noble oxen and the favorite cows—those good, virtuous, heavenly-minded cows—a sad farewell. I never confessed that weakness until I was old enough to defend it. And thus my farm life closed."

Every element of the farm life had had its place in the boys' affection. They had loyally refused to abandon their old and battered jackknife for the most enticing new one; their dogs had been their constant companions, and the names of all their cows, even, are immortal in Dr. Hamlin's memory. As for the mother, scissors and paste can never depict her. One story, however, may give a hint, if not of her, at least of her influence.

It was muster-day, the greatest of all Maine holidays, when the small boys watched the militia, and, while they watched, munched the gingerbread and buns their few pennies could buy from the stands along the way. Young Cyrus, his chores done, started off with seven cents in his pocket and with his mother's good-by message sounding in his ears: "Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution-box at Mrs. Farrar's."

As I was trudging along [so runs the somewhat Launcelot-like confession], I began to question, "Shall I drop in a cent, or two?" I wished mother hadn't said one or two. I finally decided on two, and felt satisfied. Five cents would furnish all I could eat, and more too; but after a time conscience began to torment me: "Five for yourself and two for the heathen. Five for gingerbread and two for souls!" So I said four for gingerbread and three for souls. I couldn't make a stand there very long, and I said three for gingerbread and four for the souls of the heathen. I would have drawn the line there but for my foolish pride. The boys would find out that I had only three cents! But I was at Mrs. Farrar's open door, and there was the contribution-box, and I had the seven cents in my hand. I said, "Hang it all! I'll dump them all in and have no more bother about it." So I did, and went away contented.

I played shy of the refreshment-stands; and by three or four o'clock I had sated myself with military glory and made for home. I had been on my feet from early dawn, with absolutely nothing after my early breakfast.

I burst into the house and called out, "Mother, I'm as hungry as a bear! I haven't had a mouthful to eat to-day."

"Why, Cyrus! have you lost the money I gave you?"

"No, mother; but you didn't give it to me right. If you had given me eight cents or six cents, I would have divided it half and half. But you gave me seven. I couldn't divide it, and so I dropped it all in together."

"You poor boy!" she said, smiling in tears, and soon I had such a bowl of bread and milk as I had never eaten, and no monarch ever ate.

What was the meaning of mother's tears?

New England was then a paradise of kitchens and churches. Religious zeal and inventive skill in practical affairs were yoked together. On the farm, young Hamlin cut down standing timber and carved it into ox-bows; in college days he turned plain metal into the first working steam-engine made in the State of Maine, and in later life he was his own contractor and builder, mastered and then taught to his Armenian disciples the arts of bookbinding, printing, and stove-making, and manufactured a bakery of such proportions that it was soon provisioning, under his directions, an entire British camp and hospital with bread.

It was more chance than temper that made Dr. Hamlin an irregular quartermaster rather than a regular soldier

¹ *My Life and Times*. By Cyrus Hamlin. Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.

of the British camp. He is a born belligerent. He would have made the best of fighting chaplains. He loves to do battle, whether it be with the rough-and-ready hazers of his Bowdoin days, or the sinewy and dexterous diplomatists of the Turkish court. He enjoys a predicament. "A Yankee's faith in himself," he tells us, "often gets him into trouble, but it doesn't leave him there." In hot rage he strikes a brutal bully a staggering blow with his cane. Instantly half a dozen ugly looking Turks bear down upon him, for he, an infidel dog, has struck a true believer in the face. He is not long dismayed, faces them, and, though himself a lawbreaker, so boldly accuses them of illegal connivance at brutality and so threatens them with legal penalties that they are cowed into an absurdly misplaced submission. Eastern diplomacy is long even in the telling, and the reader must turn to Dr. Hamlin's story itself if he would learn how Admiral Farragut, with a charming innocence of such intention, frightened the over-wily statesmen of the Sultan into granting American missions unasked-for privileges; how curious Turkish magnates visited Dr. Hamlin *incognito*; how shrewdly but how vainly Armenian patriarch, Jesuit priest, and Russian ambassador plotted against him. Nor can I tell here of pupils and disciples; of the profane English sailor rescued from cholera and inspired to be an evangelist; of the poor lad Zenope, determined against friendly counsels and all attractions of wealth and fame to be a teacher among the poor Armenians; of Stepan and Simon and their two long pilgrimages of a thousand miles in search of Bible teaching. Nor have I even hinted at the course and sequence of Dr. Hamlin's life; how he left his farm home to be a silversmith; how, just when business prospects were most enticing, he was led by the counsel of his friends to study for the ministry; how, after nine years' preparation, he settled in Constantinople, and, during his thirty-five years of missionary activity there, founded Bebek Seminary and Robert College, to which modern Bulgaria owes much of its recent progress toward enlightenment, and instituted manual training and practical sciences among the poor Armenians; nor how he has spent these last twenty years in tireless activity in this country, and at last, "coming down," as he says, "from the heights of poverty," is passing his days of retirement on a New England freehold, master for the first time of a house and garden-plot. The American Puritan, like his English cousin, carries his home habits with him wherever he goes. No number of years on the Bosphorus could have obliterated a line or rounded off a corner of Dr. Hamlin's character. His New England sturdiness, homeliness, strenuousness, remain till now, as he gratifies his love for rural life, the mechanical occupations of house and barn, and the simple pleasures of domestic life. His volume is a depiction of American Puritanism, tested and triumphant at home and abroad.



Sensitiveness

Time was, I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount, where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

—Cardinal Newman.

The Wandering Jew

By R. W. Raymond

In Two Parts—II.

"Yes," said the Wandering Jew, in his usual tone of complacent sadness, "I went to the Chicago Exposition; and I will confess that, notwithstanding the disappointments of many lifetimes, and the unparalleled acuteness and impartiality which I have acquired as an observer, I was for a while deceived into the belief that here at last was the beginning of the great end of the world. You will not wonder, perhaps, that even I should be thus deluded, when you hear my experiences. You must remember that, in my long sojourn amid the mountains of Asia and the polar snows, I had heard nothing of the preparations for this great celebration, and consequently it burst upon me suddenly in its full glory.

"I reached the place in the evening, and, passing with the crowd through one of the gates, found my way first to the side of a sheet of water, where I took passage in an electric launch. Of course, I have traveled in my times by all means of conveyance known to man; but I frankly confess that I had never felt or imagined before the calm delight of this wondrous voyage. Now and then we passed a gondola—trivial reminder of the old Roman galley, with one slave at the oar instead of a hundred—and in the contrast I realized that even to one like me, a purely philosophic beholder, who takes no part in the affairs of men, there is a certain fatigue in seeing others labor, and a certain rest in feeling that the work of the world is doing itself without special exertion by anybody. It seemed like the lifting of the ancient curse of toil pronounced upon Adam.

"Gliding over the smooth surface of the lagoon and through the canal, with palaces dimly seen on either hand, we reached the Grand Basin, illuminated with thousands of starry lights that traced the outlines of the shores, or set forth in skeleton beauty the domes and columns of the surrounding buildings. As if this were not enough, the great electric fountains of the Court of Honor shot forth from time to time their mysterious jets of mounting, changeful splendor. Over the water came melodious songs, and, high above, the stars looked down with twinkling surprise, to find themselves, for the first time, outshone by the work of man. I cannot express to you the feeling of rest and contentment which came over me. I felt as happy as if I were going to die.

"Nor was I disenchanted when I visited the scene the next morning, and discovered more clearly by the light of day its manifold wonders. I have seen Jerusalem, Rome, and Athens in their glory; I have studied the ruins of the Egyptian temples; I have looked upon the Alhambra and the Taj Mahal; but all these together would not equal for majesty and grace and harmony the picture presented in this White City by the inland sea. As I looked upon it, I said to myself: 'Truly, the end of the world is at hand, for Art has done its utmost here, and nothing is left to do!'

"I mingled with the multitude. Never before had I beheld such throngs, unless arrayed in war. I had come to think that only hatred and anger could bring men together. But here I saw the largest armies outnumbered by the hosts of peace. On every face good will, in every heart a happy sense of brotherhood; pleasure enlivening all, knowledge inspiring all, sympathy pervading all. 'Yes, yes,' I said, 'it is the end!'

"Then I went through one magnificent structure after another, and inspected the treasures contributed from all lands. You will of course understand that, in a person of my unique experience, the things themselves could arouse little wonder. I am familiar with the arts and sciences as they are known in every country, with one exception. I will confess that I find it impossible to keep up with American inventions. In order to do that, I should have to stay in the country all the time, and read the 'Scientific American' and the 'Patent Office Gazette,' besides calling at least once a week on Mr. Edison. But I am obliged to keep traveling, and, no matter how often I may manage to turn up in this country, I always find something to surprise

me. As to the rest of the world, however, I was, as I have said, not surprised by the exhibits themselves, but at the finding of them gathered in this remote place. Why should the nations with one accord bring their tributes from afar?

"I asked this question of a learned-looking professor who was expounding to a group of his pupils the exhibit of the South African diamond-mines. He replied with a line of poetry:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way.

"They have all followed the star,' he said; and I thought of the wise ones who followed the star of Bethlehem. Yes, this must be the beginning of the end!

"I visited the Midway Plaisance, and strayed from one camp of outlandish strangers to another, being myself, of course, everywhere equally at home. That is my sad consolation for not being at home anywhere. As I speak all languages fluently and with an excellent accent, and am familiar with all manners and customs, I experience no difficulty in holding communication with any tribe; and I found that these barbarians, from Dahomey to Samoa, had been brought together by one common purpose, namely, to be seen of their civilized fellow-men. That they charged their fellow-men a trifle by way of entrance-fee did not alter the essentially benevolent nature of their motive. With joy I reflected upon the new era in human intercourse thus inaugurated. How simple it would be hereafter to penetrate any desired part of the savage world! The natives, taught by the experience of the Midway Plaisance, would no longer gather to oppose with useless slaughter the advance of the trader or explorer. They would simply sell him his entrance-ticket at the gate, charging him half-price for mere standing-room, and double price for a seat on the stage.

"I visited the great show of wild animals, and beheld the lion lying down with the lamb; that is, I suppose the lion would have lain down peaceably enough with the lamb, if there had been any lamb!"

As Ahasuerus pronounced these words I fancied that I detected a tone of irony, as if he were making game of me. In fact, more than once during his strange monologue I felt a passing doubt of his sincerity. On the whole, he seemed to be taking pleasure in speaking seriously part of the time, at least; and when he did so, it was evidently his pride to do it in handsome style, so as to make an impression. But then, either because he was ashamed of having been in earnest, or because of a malicious enjoyment in spoiling the effect of his own eloquence, he would add something that sounded like satire. The most peculiar thing about it, however, was that he never changed his manner, or gave any token, by smile or otherwise, that he was personally moved by what he was saying. He ran on like a phonograph into which a lot of remarks had been spoken, and which repeated them by clockwork, just as they came, without having any real opinions of its own, and taking satisfaction only in the perfection of its own performance.

But still I said nothing; and the Wandering Jew continued:

"I heard, too, that in the Art Palace at Chicago there was held one great convocation after another, to bring forth the combined wisdom of the world. One of them was the Parliament of Religions, concerning which strange things were reported, but I saw them not with my own eyes. Nor did I quite know how to interpret this novel assembly, until I bethought me that one thing at least was true; namely, if the representatives of all sects could abide together and actually talk of their differing creeds for many days, without destroying, torturing, or even scolding or slandering one another, then the end of the world must be at hand!

"Once more I returned to the fairest spot of all, and stood at sunset before the dome of the Administration Building, looking eastward down the Grand Basin. The flush of the red evening sky was behind me, yet its luster stretched forward beyond the long shadows, to tip with glory the colossal golden statue of the Republic, towering

serene and triumphant from the tranquil water, a sublime symbol of Power in the midst of Peace; and, still beyond, the sunlight shone upon the forms of the heroes of humanity that stood upon the stately Peristyle, and the noble emblem of victorious progress that surmounted all. And at my feet the great fountain, bearing the effigy of a happy State sped upon a prosperous voyage, poured forth, as from an unseen source of illimitable abundance, floods of pure bright water, furnishing to basin and lagoon and canal an ever-fresh supply.

"As I gazed upon the scene, I almost fancied that I was a part of it, forgetting my peculiar relation of a mere waiting looker-on in the affairs of the world. It brought before me vividly a prophecy with which I was familiar.

"I will observe, in passing, that I am thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures, not only those of the Old Testament, but also those of the New, the writers of which, for the most part, I have personally met. I have naturally spent much time in the study of the prophecies for the purpose of getting light upon my own future lot. And I confess that everything in this great display had impressed me as the fulfillment of some prophecy. The highways had been cast up; the wilderness had been made to blossom as the rose; wild beasts were tamed and wild men greeted with brotherly welcome; the bells of peace were ringing, and the woe of the world had vanished. But here before my eyes was the glad fulfillment of the latest and most exalted prophecy of all. For here was the Holy City itself, appearing suddenly, as if let down from heaven by the very hand of God, containing no temple, because it was itself a vast temple, pervaded everywhere with the presence of the Spirit, knowing no alternation of the darkness of night with the brightness of day, because the night was as fair as the day. And here were the nations walking in the light of it, and the kings of the earth bringing their glory and honor into it; and the pure stream flowing forth from the throne in the midst of it, to fill all the channels by the side of which stood, here the majestic trophies of industrious man, and there the evergreen trees of inspiring, renewing, nourishing, and all-healing Heaven, while everywhere sounded the blending melodies of happy souls floating upon the love-lit waters of the River of Life!"

He paused, half like a music-box at the end of its tune, doubtless an orator waiting for applause. In spite of my doubts as to his sincerity, I had been deeply moved by his last rhapsody, and I did not hesitate to confess it.

"You were right," said I, "although you went too far in fancying that this new reproduction of the vision of John was a final and complete fulfillment. It was, indeed, but a repetition of the promise, yet in such grander, clearer form as to convince us that the future universal gladness is not only coming, but is nearer to-day than ever before. You must remember that we are warned not to say too confidently, Lo, here! or Lo, there! is the actual consummation. We should rejoice in progress, not evermore demand attainment."

Apparently he was pleased to have extracted from me an expression of my own opinion. I almost fancied that I could hear him mutter to himself, "So! Now I will demolish your delusions and exhibit to you my superior wisdom!"

"Young man," he began "(you will permit me to call you young, though your son may speak of you as the 'old man'), you are not to accept a passing thought from me, however well expressed, as the declaration of my deliberate conclusions. It did not take me long to perceive that this, too, was but a dream, like all the rest. That same night I read of savage rioters clubbed by the Chicago police under the very shadow of the Parliament of Religions; and in a few days more the Great Exposition of brotherly love ended in murder. My brief delusion was over. I awoke to find the world as woeful as ever, and as far from the promise of a coming Redeemer. Not the Scriptures, but the newspapers, give us the facts as they are. I have a peculiar sympathy with reporters. They seem to me, though each for one short life only, to ransack the world as I do, simply observing. And they seem also, in this occupation, well-nigh to have lost, as I have, the

faculty of faith in man and the inspiration of hope. What do you find in the newspapers? Catalogues of crime and slaughter and scandal; appeals to prejudice and discontent and hatred; accusations that spare no one; schemes of private wrong and public plunder; and acres of boastful advertisements. Even the Great Exposition is treated by them as an advertisement for Chicago. And I, who have waited and wandered so long, must wait and wander forever!"

Here he paused, and his concluding remarks had so exasperated me that I burst forth with wrath.

"Well," said I, "you have had your turn, now listen to me! Who cares how long you wander, you useless, superfluous, conceited, impartial observer! You have been doing nothing all these centuries but what you did at the beginning—bid the Saviour make haste, so that *you* may be saved from trouble! You are always smiting and saying 'Move on!' but you stretch out no hand to lift the burden of the cross. We ordinary folks, with many failures and mistakes, strive to move on with Him, and to help and cheer as we may, not the mob that hounds Him to His death, but the yearning, struggling souls that follow. What use have we for your supercilious criticism?"

"You are very proud of your wisdom. Did you ever add anything from your stock to the wisdom of mankind? If we have made imperfect use of our single lives, what have you done with your twenty-five? You might have become a great leader of your race. Men might have trusted you, loved you, and learned from you. Instead of that, you are nothing but a peripatetic sneer. You haven't even gained wisdom for yourself. You doubt everything, *except the newspapers!*"

"But you need not think that you are even unique. There are lots more just like you, only they die when their useless lives are over. The reason men don't believe in you any longer is that they have plenty of Wandering Jews without you; people who go up and down asking why the world is not reformed more quickly, pointing out the failures and condemning the motives of all the world's real workers, and lifting not a finger for themselves. They declare that politics are hopelessly corrupt, and they do not vote. They think justice is defeated in the courts, and they dodge jury duty. They say there ought to be more Christianity in the Church; but they lend no help to the Church. They are forever prating about the faults of society, and they are not even ornaments of society."

"It seems never to occur to you, or to this pack of your imitators, that, being human, in spite of yourselves (and to the regret of the rest of us), *you* have got to be regenerated somehow, and made worthy members of your kind, before the whole world will have been redeemed. I suppose you will come next to the last. The last enemy, we are told, will be Death; and you are as near Death as anything can be that calls itself alive. If you sincerely desire to hasten the good time coming, why don't you lend a hand, and cease to be a miserable, worthless hanger-on, exhaling, to sicken those who are at work, the odor of antique decay?"

"It is easy enough to find fault. It is easy enough to pretend you thought you had found the millennium in Chicago, and to pretend you were sorely disappointed afterwards. You wanted that disappointment, to add to your stock in trade. You fished for it; you chuckled when you secured it. You think it is a very effective story to play on a stranger in a Pullman car. But you do not impose on me with your rhetorical whining. You only make me tired. You had better give up the business. Your friends the newspaper reporters can beat you out of sight at it; and they do not give the whole of their time to it, either, but do a great deal of useful work besides. If you will take my advice, you will go to work to make the world wiser and better; and as to the good time for which you wait, when it dawns in your own heart you will know that it is coming surely for all men. But be sure that tramps and dudes will not be the first to discover it!"

How much more I might have said I cannot tell. When I get a-going, I am almost a match for the Wandering Jew; and, moreover, I had forgotten him, and half imagined

that I was addressing a multitude of modern critics and pessimists. But at this moment the train stopped, and a brisk, cheery, keen-eyed little man, passing through the car, paused, bent over my companion, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Well, Uncle Joseph Ben-Israel, here we are!" The old man laboriously extricated his voluminous feet, and, as he rose, bowed to me, saying:

"You have spoken to me, sir, such words as I had never heard before. I assure you they will give me food for thought. I regret that I must leave you here; but I have promised to—ahem! to visit this peaceful spot." Then he shambled out of the car, and I saw him no more.

As the train started again, I perceived through the window a large and handsome building. Presently the Pullman conductor came in and sat down in the seat just vacated by my companion.

"What place is that?" I asked.

"The State Lunatic Asylum," he replied. "That was one of 'em. Found him out, didn't you?"

"Yes," said I, hesitating a little; "I suppose I found him out, more or less. Tell me more about him."

"Well," said the conductor, "there isn't so very much to tell. He was at one time a sort of lecturer, and edited a paper, or a magazine, or something of that kind. Used to pitch into the parsons and the church people, and make 'em pretty mad sometimes. He was always finding fault with something. But last year he got caught in a blizzard, and when they found him he was about gone. They thawed him out, and then it appeared that his wits *were* gone. I suppose they couldn't *be* thawed out. He would have it that he had been at the North Pole; and, while they were trying to talk him out of that, he caught sight of his own feet—he always did have tremendously big feet, and when they were all rolled up in bandages they looked bigger than ever. And when he got a good view of 'em he shouted out that he was the Wandering Jew; and the Wandering Jew he has been ever since, in spite of all that anybody could say. He spends most of his time over old histories—he calls it reviewing his own experiences—and when he has read a lot about something or other he comes out as bold as anything and pretends he saw it all himself. He is a great hand to travel, and every little while he gets restless and says he must move on. There is a little money belonging to him—enough to pay for a journey now and then—and, as he is perfectly harmless, they humor him occasionally, sending an attendant with him to keep him out of trouble and pay his bills. He always keeps his promise to come back and 'visit' the asylum, and they say that, as a rule, he don't speak much while he is gone, but just looks at things and mutters and shakes his head. I suspect this trip to Chicago sort o' woke him up. You are the first person I ever saw him talking with, and he seemed to be going it pretty strong with you. Up at the asylum, folks get him to talk quite frequently. My brother, the attendant in charge of him just now, tells me it is good as a history-class to start the old fellow on what he calls his experiences. Only, my brother says, it makes them all feel blue to listen to him, he runs down everything so. Makes you think there isn't any good in anything, and never was, and never will be. But my brother says Chicago pretty nearly fetched him. For several days he couldn't find fault with anything there. Then he began to get back to himself, so to speak, and enjoy picking flaws in things. I presume that by this time he is about as snarly and sneery as usual. Looked to me, towards the end of his talk with you, as if you were rather turning the tables on him, and giving him a dose of his own medicine. He went off quite meek."

"I told him some plain truths," said I, "which I fear were wasted on *him*. I only wish I could have as good a chance to bestow a piece of my mind upon some other people I know, who are as foolish as the Wandering Jew, without any blizzard for an excuse."

"Well," said the conductor, "I'll tell you what. You write a story about the Wandering Jew, and, while those other fellows don't suspect that you mean them at all, just plump it right into 'em!"

"I will," said I.

The Spectator

Two friends of the Spectator, young gentlemen who ought to have known better than to waste their time, spent many weeks several years ago in writing a novel. As one of the authors was a romanticist and the other was a realist, there was much difficulty now and again in deciding upon the treatment to be adopted. In reviewing the work of each other, they did not exactly quarrel, but they strained courtesy almost to the breaking point. But at length the work was completed, and the pleasing event was celebrated with a modest dinner in what is known as the French quarter of the town. Now came the question as to what should be done with the manuscript. An acquaintance who had had experience with publishers informed the young gentlemen that it would be necessary to have the manuscript copied by a typewriter before it was sent to a publisher. This was done, and the aspiring authors had the satisfaction of paying forty dollars for this work, and the outlay had the same effect on the romanticist that it had on the realist, and the latter felt that typewriting was a kind of semi-publication. Another dinner was eaten to celebrate this event, and this dinner was a strain upon the digestion, as the young gentlemen felt that they were entitled to a more elaborate repast than usual, now that fame and fortune were almost within their grasp. During this dinner it was decided to submit the manuscript to a large publishing house in New York, because the reader for that house was a friend of the realist member of the copartnership. And so the precious typewritten story was handed in and submitted to its first trial.

The young gentlemen did not see much of each other for more than a week. Then they met every day for more than a week, passing an hour or more together in anxious speculation over the result of this first trial. One day the realist appeared with the manuscript under his arm, and a letter from the reader in his hand. The reader said that he had examined the manuscript with care and pleasure, but he was afraid it would not keep the average reader long enough in suspense, and therefore his firm, with many thanks for the privilege of examining it, returned it with regret. The letter was a sugar-coated condemnation. But the authors did not see it exactly in this way. They re-read the story together, and made slight changes here and there. This involved a week of hard work. Once more the novel was committed to the tender mercies of a publisher. This time there was a difference of opinion among the readers, and a decision was not reached until the head of the house had himself dipped into the story. He did not find what he tasted at all to his liking, and the authors got back the manuscript, now considerably soiled and dog-eared, with more polite words of condemnation. Our authors did not celebrate either of these last events with dinners; instead of that they fought shy of each other, and each suspected that the other blamed him and his work for the failure of the book to please the readers. But they tried the story on several other publishers without success, and then rearranged it as a serial for a magazine. By this time another typewritten copy was needed, and this cost \$32, so that the Spectator's friends had now invested \$72 in cash in their literary venture. But the editors returned the story with polite words of regret. Now they tried the publishers of light reading-matter—summer novels.

The authors waited week after week and month after month. Its long detention made them hope that at length the MS. had found favor, and they celebrated this revived hope with another dinner. In complacent after-dinner mood they agreed to call on the publishers the next day and ask for a decision. They were met with the politeness that is the characteristic of dealers in literature, and were informed that the manuscript had been rejected and returned many weeks before. Here was what Mr. Gilbert has called "a pretty howdy-do." The manuscript appeared to have been disposed of, but the authors had achieved neither fame nor fortune. Now ensued some very polite letter-writing. The publishers promised to search for the lost novel, but denied all responsibility—whether the loss had been occasioned by their

carelessness or not. The authors took advice from their friends on every side. The lawyers said that the publishers were liable; other publishers said that they did not know whether there was any liability or not, but all of them expressed the hope that the authors would test the question in the courts. It may be remarked just here that this question of the liability of publishers for manuscripts submitted to them has not been definitely settled. One thing was certain, however—that if the authors sought to recover for the lost manuscript they would be required to prove its value. Here was a hard nut to crack. Had the manuscript any value? Naturally, the authors thought that it had, but it would be well-nigh impossible for them to prove such a fact. Taking this into consideration, together with their indisposition to appear litigious, they concluded to let the matter drop for a while, and, when they had recovered from their disappointment, recast the first draft and have a new copy made. At this juncture the publishers generously offered to pay for typewriting a clean copy. There the matter rested for several years.

One day in December of last year one of the Spectator's friends, the romanticist of the partnership, received a letter from the gentleman who had just retired as Consul-General at Cairo, in Egypt, saying that the lost manuscript was in the American Agency there, evidently by some mistake. Application was made to Mr. Frederic Penfield, the present Consul-General in Cairo, and that courteous officer replied at once, and in part as follows:

When I took over the archives of this Diplomatic Agency and Consulate-General, I found many interesting articles and documents—for this is the land of the mysterious—but none more so than the MS. of a story which not only revealed your name, but familiar chirography. I had long intended writing you about it. I now send you the wrapper of the parcel with its inscription, and also Colonel ———'s memorandum. How the MS. came to be in Egypt, or why ——— should have left it at this office, is more than I can tell.

The wrapper bore the name and address of the publishers, and also the name and address of one of the authors. These two addresses indicated places in New York not ten minutes apart. The gentleman who received the manuscript by mistake, and deposited it in the United States Consulate in Cairo, is an African explorer and also a writer of some note. Why he should not have notified the publishers of the mistake is, to say the least, rather odd. It may be that he had received a manuscript of his own that had been rejected, and that he was not in a mood to waste politeness or courtesy upon any one. But, at any rate, the lost had been found, and the authors were in a quandary as to whether they should condole with or congratulate one another. Of course they will try that manuscript on other publishers, for authors never quite believe that what they have created is devoid of merit.

The Spectator has related these incidents in the hope that their recital may here and there discourage a person from engaging in the profitless work of making manuscripts. If the work put upon manuscripts in the United States, that are made for publication but are never published, were paid for at the rate of one dollar a day, the amount in two years would, in the aggregate, be sufficient to half pay the National debt! The Spectator feels sure that this is not only a waste of time but worse than a waste. Even when the maker of manuscripts has a good measure of success, his reward is miserably small in comparison with a similar success in any other profession. But ninety-seven per cent. of the writing that is done is never published—that is, these authors fail utterly. And those who succeed, those who write that other three per cent., what is their reward? It is a mere pittance in comparison with a lawyer's or a surgeon's fees, and the Spectator verily believes that there are not ten literary men in America whose earnings, independent of salaries as editors, amount to more than a bare and insufficient living.



The Home

The Center of the Circle

A wife who does not wisely use the money placed in her hands for the support of the family becomes a greater or less object of disapproval to her friends, and especially to her husband's friends; but rarely do we condemn the woman who misuses her strength so that she deprives her family of the benefits which would accrue to them were she in the full flush of health. Health is certainly quite as important an item in the family life as money, and the woman who over-exerts herself and reduces her strength below the normal point is as worthy of condemnation as the woman who misuses the income placed at her disposal. Time is also an important factor in the family life. If this is not wisely used, especially where the income is limited, as it is in most American homes, the wife should be, at least to her own conscience, a subject for condemnation. One of the greatest fallacies held by the women of the middle class in America is that it does not pay, for instance, to do their own sewing when garments can be bought ready-made so cheaply; yet every woman who knows anything about it by experience knows that the garment for which she has purchased the goods, and which she has made with her own hands, outwears the ready-made garment by many months. The making of it may have saved but a few cents, but the making of the dozens of garments, if a woman has the skill, the time, and the strength, means just that much of an increase to the income; and that increase may make the difference between having a pleasure fund and being compelled to do without all that that word is made to cover in each separate family.

Many a woman makes the mistake of believing that she economizes in what she does without, when true economy is expressed by what she has, by the resources she commands for herself and family by the use of her money. "Doing without" may simply be another name for indifference, for laziness, or for selfishness. Not what we do without represents us, but what we have; and many a woman who claims that she never has any money for books, though she loves them, could have them if she economized in the use of her time. In hundreds of homes in America the wives of clerks, of men commanding small capital, or of professional men, live the lives of women of assured incomes, and the financial struggle is doubled because of the mistaken idea that it does not pay to use time, because the use of time in certain ways would mean so little expressed in money. Strange as it may seem, there is really more economy in the use of time among the so-called rich where the homes are governed by intelligence.

There comes to mind now an evening spent at a country house where there were three young girls and several young men. As the twilight deepened, the lights were lighted, and each young lady brought out a silk waist which she was smocking. Each of the girls was going to spend a certain length of time at Lenox, and these waists were part of the wardrobes. The girls had allowances, but smocked waists were expensive, and if they purchased them ready-made it meant the surrender of other necessities that make up the perfection of toilets; and so they learned how to make these waists. One of the young men, with a puzzled expression, said to the chaperon, "Why, do girls sew! Why, I never saw my sisters sew!" And yet his sisters did not command the income of any one of the three young girls who sat before him. The puzzled expression deepening upon his face, he said: "Why, I do not

understand it; at home we always have those things made, or the girls buy them."

It is the right use of time that results in the difference between freedom and oppression. It is the use of time in the home, and for the home, that preserves it. Where the table is supplied by canned goods, the wardrobes replenished by ready-made garments, and the house managed by the servants, there can be little of the true home feeling. But where money, time, strength, and skill are at the disposal of the household, then in truth are the women of that family home-makers, and not merely mistresses, and the family live a life of freedom, not because they do without, but because provision is made for, the necessities of that particular family life. If the home is to be more than a place of shelter, and more than a restaurant, it must command the best of the wife's strength, time, talents, skill. No position in the world accords her the honor, the love, the authority, that are accorded her when she fills her position of home-maker with intelligence.



Mother and School

By Sarah L. Arnold¹

The approach of the momentous "first week of school" brings many a thought of relief to tired mothers who have found their cares multiplied by vacation. Hard to follow with unfailing patience the countless excursions of Fred and Frank and Joe, to mend at night the rents they never failed to announce on their home-coming, to know that no number of baths would cause them to stay clean, that no amount of planning or persuasion would prevent clatter and confusion. Then Kate and Susie and the baby must be cared for, too. Dresses must be washed and ironed, and old frocks must be let down to meet their growing needs. How the day resounds with "Mother, can I do this?" "Mother, can I go there?" "Mother, Joe took my fish-pole;" "Mother, please fix my kite;" and even "Where's mother?" when the momentary absence is noted, and the children would be assured that she is within reach of their clamor! Small wonder that the weary mother thinks with relief of the coming days when she will know through six hours of the day that her brood are comfortably housed, happily occupied, and cared for by some one else.

So many a mother will send her children away that first Monday morning, and every morning after, thinking only that she is relieved from care and burdens heavy to bear, trusting, without knowing why, that the children are all right when in school, and questioning no further.

On the other hand, this same "first week of school" causes many a mother's heart to quake with foreboding. How can she part with her roguish little Ralph, her delicate, sensitive Ruth, for so many hours in the day? How can she intrust them to the care of the teacher whom she does not know, and who can never understand her children as she does? How can she let them encounter the rough experiences of the playground, meet the children from whose influence she has carefully shielded them, and be exposed to the atmosphere which may taint their young lives, and to suggestions which will mar their pure thoughts? These questions the mother asks herself over and over again, holds her children closer, and shrinks from the evil day.

What would we ask of all these mothers for the sake of child and teacher, for the mother's sake as well? This, that time be taken from pressing duties and anxious thought, from the days already so full, to do this one thing more—to learn all that it is possible to learn of the school to which the children are sent, to study its conditions, to know the spirit and motive which direct it, to appreciate its advantages and disadvantages, and so to help the little ones and the teacher to whose care they are

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confided. How great a responsibility and trust is she assuming! You mothers, who question and are perplexed as you strive to direct your own children, have you thought what it must mean to attempt the care of fifty children not your own? Have you no word of encouragement and support, or of suggestion or warning, out of your experience, to help this woman who for these many weeks will stand for you by Fred and Frank and Joe, by Ralph and Ruth, by Susie and Kate? The way will be plainer to her and clearer to the children if you thus co-operate with the teacher.

Again, the mother should know the school-room in order to translate the experience of the children, to live their days with them. Within these four walls are enacted for the little ones many of the most memorable scenes of their lives. It matters much to them that these events are wisely directed. How can the mother judge if she has not seen? Has she realized the change that has taken place in the school world? Does she know how the work of teachers is tried and tested to-day? by what code they are approved or condemned? Should not the mother know, that she may secure the best for her child? We have spoken for child and teacher, but the mother herself reaps profit from her knowledge of the school-room. Are her anxious fears justified? Not in the best school-rooms, we are glad to say. How can she know? If the school is not the best, can it not be made so for her child? Yes, through her knowledge and interest, and that of all the other mothers. Study your child's school, and learn whether it is among the best. Help to make it so by your intelligent co-operation. And while you are thus studying you will learn how much is being done for your child, at the same time that you strive to accomplish yet more.

Our schools of to-day are not ideal, but they are growing toward the ideal. They are better than yesterday's. Help to make them better yet. What is your own ideal of a good school?



The Organization of the Workingwomen of Paris

By Caro Lloyd

Organization is the order of our day, from the village club for culture's sake to the national associations in all professions. Business organizes in trusts and workers in unions. If women of leisure wish to study Anglo-Saxon or philanthropy, they form a club, but the workingwomen who have everything, even boots and bread, to gain by union are the last to organize. In England in 1870 there was not a single workingwomen's organization; there are now unions, but they contain only sixty thousand of the workers. But the French women are even less advanced in that respect. In the provinces they understand the economic situation, and, especially in the manufacturing towns of Calais, Amiens, Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Lille, are strongly loyal to their unions, and in time of strikes show a heroism which must win admiration even from those who consider them ill-advised. But in Paris the case is quite different.

Not that Parisian women are any better off. Their case is deplorable, and grows continually worse. Over one hundred thousand of them earn no more than twenty-two cents a day. The large stores pay five cents for the making of a flannel undervest which takes three hours; for making a wrapper women receive four cents and must furnish the thread, and by working till midnight they can finish a dozen. Many work twelve hours for twenty cents, and others all day and night for thirty cents. The average pay of the needlewomen is thirty-five or forty cents for a day of ten or eleven hours. To make fifty cents a day a woman must be very expert, and not leave her machine for twelve hours. Many have children to care for. The cost of living is, with the exception of the rents, no less than in New York. These are no fables, but the hard facts which await the baby girl born in the Parisian working

classes. And yet these women have not taken the first step toward bettering their condition—that of organizing in unions.

It is easy to see at once one reason for this: they plod on hopelessly in the unceasing treadmill. What energy have they left to consider the general conditions of their class? Here, as everywhere, because women will work for lower pay they do men's work and that of the home too; but in Paris this condition is aggravated by the character of the men. A tourist remarks at once that women sweep the streets and drive market-wagons. The fact is, Parisian men, as a rule, are selfish, leaving the burden of the family upon the women, spending leisure hours in the innumerable cafés where they develop their views of the social question.

But the principal reason for the lack of organization among the Parisian workingwomen is not so obvious. There are almost no large factories employing them in Paris, except for matches, cigars, and sugar. The girls work principally in workshops where there are from four to fifty workers. A dozen girls uniting to combat a patron with whom they are probably on intimate social terms is unlikely to happen, but in the factory the case is more definite. With four hundred women suffering under exactly similar conditions and discussing their grievances in the noon rest, organization against their employers grows as a matter of course. Moreover, in the workshops of Paris a girl learns to make the trinkets of the world. In these pretty fripperies she soon delights to deck herself; the world comes and goes through the workshop, and the girl whose honest work does not support her succumbs to temptation, and finds no necessity to struggle for higher pay. Not one in a thousand of these women support themselves. The unions would show these women an honest road toward increasing their earnings, although, alas! a rough one.

Of the seven hundred thousand workingwomen in Paris, not more than three thousand are organized in unions. Few have time to attend the meetings, and others are suspicious of the new idea. The strongest unions are in the tobacco, match, and sugar trades, while the only other trades organized are the seamstresses, upholsterers, trained nurses, and domestic servants. These are all only from one to two years old, and were slowly growing when they received last July a blow in the closing of the Bourse du Travail. This was a central labor bureau pensioned by the State, where there were large assembly-halls and offices for each trades-union. At an hour's notice the secretaries were ordered to leave with their papers. Troops now occupy the building; but if you pass the pacing sentinel, turn into an obscure street and down an alleyway, you will find an old door chalked 'Bourse du Travail;' here are the headquarters where the work is still carried on. But to find the various secretaries one must traverse Paris from end to end, penetrate dark tenements, go boldly into workrooms and cafés, which are their temporary quarters. I found one in a garret room—a veritable Mrs. Jellyby, who, from the débris of vegetables and clothes on her table, unearthed the papers of her union, and discoursed on the workingwomen while her palsied father cooked the dinner. The secretary of the seamstresses, who was a delegate to the recent World's Fair Labor Congress, holds her office in the workroom where she stitches away, busily making her eighty cents a day.

The unions have employment bureaus, mutual aid funds, hold meetings for the discussion of their interests, and occasional fêtes. The dues are ten or twenty cents a month.

The sugar-workers have had a long strike. They have to stand out at night in all weathers manipulating the beets, and the breakers work with bleeding fingers. The match-factories in France are owned by the State; the matches are bad and dear, and the employees exploited. In a recent strike the workers demanded that the use of white sulphur, which brings maladies, be suppressed, and declared that the pension offered to workers over fifty-five was useless, as a match-worker never lived to that age. The street leading to their factory has several dentists'

offices, as the sulphur destroys the teeth; but, worse than that, it poisons the mother's milk, so that they can never rear their children unless they give them to the care of others. But the list of their troubles is long. Family life is almost impossible, and the population of France is decreasing. Many leave their children alone in the daytime, while others prefer to work at night, when their husband can care for the family. They are taking continually more of the men's work, receiving for it less than the wages which the men found insufficient. Large numbers earn just enough to keep above slow starvation point.

It seems strange that these women are not bitter revolutionists, but most of them deplore such an idea. They prefer the conservative method of the union and its strikes. Their clear-cut aim naturally comes to be "more money." In the United States the College Settlements and the Working-Girls' Clubs are means of creating a finer spirit among the workingwomen, but in Paris no such institutions exist.



Street Scenes and Some Sequels

It hardly seems, on first thought, that the treatment of a drunken woman in a police court is a matter that should be considered in the home. But since drunken women are far too common sights on the public streets of our city, and as they are usually followed by little children, who, according to their temperament and environment, are either shocked or amused by the sight, the treatment that a drunken woman receives at the hands of the police is a subject for every mother to consider, that public sentiment may be educated. It is shocking beyond measure to see the way in which these poor, wretched women are handled by policemen during the interval between their arrest and the arrival of the patrol-wagon; and they are frequently thrown into the patrol-wagon with less ceremony than a refined man would use if handling a bag of oats. The policeman frequently uses the occasion to make himself the central figure of what might be called a low comedy by the vulgar, but which to all thinking people is a tragedy. Last week a drunken woman was placed in the prisoners' pen in a police court of Brooklyn, in which was a coal-stove and a poker. The woman must have been on the verge of insanity. When her case was called, the policeman who made the arrest entered the pen to take his prisoner before the judge; she, while waiting, had heated the poker red-hot in the stove, and when the policeman appeared, made a rush at him with the hot poker. She was overpowered by a number of policemen, and again shut up in the pen. During the interval she had employed in attacking the man who, to her, was her persecutor, another case had been called. The woman was put back in the pen with the poker and the hot stove; she opened the stove door and pulled the hot coals on to the floor. The smoke attracted the attention of the police, and again the poor wretch was pulled and hauled, and the fire put out, and this time she was dragged before the judge by the aid of six policemen. The woman was a subject for medical treatment, and not for unsympathetic administrators of the law. This woman had been up before the judge for drunkenness and disorderly conduct every week for five weeks, each time being sent up for three days, and turned loose again on the community, dirty, ragged, sick, homeless, and almost helpless, at the expiration of her sentence. Does the treatment of this irresponsible human being, even though she has been brought to this stage by her own act, justify the treatment which was tolerated, if not according to law? Should she not have been imprisoned under some reformatory influences for her lifetime, if need be? What possible good can be accomplished by imprisoning this poor wretch for three days, and then turning her loose on the community to degrade the sight of children, to harden the sympathies of youth, and to so lower the tone of the court-rooms where law is administered? Too often such objects become the subject of jest.

Recently, in a local paper published in the city in which

this incident occurred, the very judge before whom she appeared disposed of one hundred and fourteen cases of "drunks" and disorderly conduct in one hour, or almost at the rate of two a minute. Can there be any law or justice or humanity in such administration? The writer saw a drunken woman ejected from a liquor-saloon so drunk that she fell on the sidewalk; she was dragged around the corner and allowed to lie on the ground in front of a board fence. Evidently the patrol had been summoned before the woman was ejected, for the patrol-station was five blocks from this corner, and yet the woman had hardly been deposited on the ground when the patrol-wagon appeared. Even in this short interval she was surrounded by little children and young men and boys, and on not one face was there a look of sympathy—simply of passive curiosity or amusement. She was lifted into the patrol-wagon without any regard to modesty, and thrown on the bottom of the wagon, the policemen exchanging glances with the proprietor of the liquor-saloon from which she was ejected and his barkeeper, who watched the proceedings from a side door. No covering was thrown over her, and she was as helpless to protect herself from insult or injury as a baby. And we call this an age of civilization!

Every mother should consider it her bounden duty to know how to protect her child from degrading sights and sounds. Every woman should seek to protect the community from the return of irresponsible human beings whose lives tend to demoralize the community. Civilization is not expressed wholly in the development of art and literature; it is expressed much more fully in the treatment that we accord to the helpless, whether that helplessness is the result of disease, of crime, or of ignorance. Not beautiful buildings, nor picture-galleries, nor libraries alone, mark the stage of civilization, but the condition of the lower classes and the attitude of the intelligent and educated toward the ignorant and the degraded, and the protection they accord them.



Picked Up

The Federation of Women's Clubs has been incorporated at the County Clerk's office at Newark, N. J. The Federation of Clubs is composed of three hundred and fifty clubs, and, to quote from the first President of Sorosis, Mrs. Crowley, "it is to the individual clubs what the club is to its individual members."

A newspaper paragrapher suggests for low-cut shoes, instead of the usual tie, a flat black elastic. According to this paragraph the ends should be sewed securely after the tie is laced. The elastic permits of the slipping on of the shoe without unfastening the tie, by the use of a shoe-horn. Certainly this will be a great relief from stooping to tie one's shoe, and one frequently has to at short intervals.

Once in a while one sees in the newspapers a recommendation to women that arouses a protest. For instance, the success of one young college woman in giving lectures in history was used as the basis of an article recommending young college women to become lecturers on historical subjects. It is only fair to say that where one woman succeeds as a parlor lecturer, twenty fail. It takes more than a knowledge of one's subject to become a good lecturer, and it is an open question whether any woman has succeeded in carrying on parlor lectures who has not had social backing of a particularly influential order; and this is worthless unless, in addition, she has grace of manner and of mind, as well as a knowledge of her subject.

A woman has just invented a broiler which will be approved by every housekeeper who knows anything of the art of broiling. This broiler, by a simple arrangement, can be dropped close to the coals. Any woman who has tried to broil a steak with a broiler at an angle of forty-five degrees, because the fire is only two or three inches deep in a twelve-inch grate, will appreciate this. It certainly must be economical, as the temptation is always to build a large fire that will enable one to broil a steak evenly instead of burn-

ing its edges. Another excellent thing that has been put upon the market is a frying-pan with a lip on each side. A little girl stood watching the process of cooking in a chafing-dish. When the contents were being placed on the dish, she said, "I wonder why the man who made that chafing-dish did not put a lip on the side"—and we wondered too; "don't you see how hard it is to pour out now from that dish into a small bowl?" The little bright eyes had discovered the lack of perfection.



The Temperature of Sleeping-Rooms

A reader wrote, asking, "What do physicians consider the proper degree of heat for a sleeping-room?" The question was sent to Lucy Hall-Brown, M.D., who sends the following reply:

In the life of a human being, upon an average, eight hours of every twenty-four are spent in sleep. An old saw tells us that

Nature requires five,
Business allows seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.

However the demand for this great restorer of exhausted vitality may vary with circumstances, it is always essential that it be taken under the most favorable conditions.

Like the storage-batteries of an electric launch or railway, we must gather and store up energy for the next day's run or be sadly left behind; and as the electric wire pours its vital fluid into the battery-cells, so pure, fresh air pours its vivifying influence into the cells of the human battery—the nervous system—upon which we draw so mercilessly during two-thirds of our daily lives.

When, in her story of "Ramona," H. H. caused the sick young Mexican to be taken out of the warm, close, musk-scented atmosphere of his mother's room and placed in a rudely constructed bed upon the piazza, where he slept like an infant and rapidly regained health and strength, she gave to her readers a most valuable lesson in hygiene.

Since sleeping on the piazza is expedient only for the few, let us by all means have fresh air, and plenty of it, in our bedrooms. During the day, many of us are obliged to exist as best we can in badly ventilated places of business; to ride in stuffy, overheated cars because our sensitive neighbor cannot bear a draught; to breathe the accumulated exhalations from "packed audiences" of perspiring and panting humanity in our public places of amusement and instruction. We must inhale the coal-gas from our furnace-flues, and from our gas-illuminated parlors an atmosphere in which the proportion of oxygen has fallen far below the normal standard, and the CO_2 is in appalling excess.

Not until we reach our bedrooms are we the arbiters of our inspiratory ingesta. Here we may throw open our windows and, snugly tucked between warm blankets, proceed to give our much-abused lungs a royal banquet of fresh air.

"But," some one objects, "the night air is injurious." The objector does not stop to consider that in the night there is no other than night air, unless, perhaps, a little left-over day air in a shut-up room be excepted.

As to temperature, we all know that cool air has a more tonic effect upon the animal organism than has warm air; that microbes are at their highest activity in warm, moist air, and at their lowest in air which is cold and dry.

A person in average health should sleep in a room whose temperature corresponds with that outside. Certainly, until the mercury falls far below the freezing-point no attempt to add artificial warmth to the room should be made.

In general, infants, the very aged, or persons in feeble health require a warmer atmosphere for the sleeping-room, but, unless in very exceptional cases, the temperature should range somewhere between forty and fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

There is an automatic service whereby the temperature of a room may be maintained at a predetermined degree of heat, through the medium of an electric battery magnet and special thermometer. The latter is so constructed

that when its column of mercury rises to, say, 70 degrees, the electric circuit is completed, and the magnet causes the register to shut. As the temperature goes down, the mercury in the thermometer will descend and interrupt the electric circuit, causing the magnet to reopen the register and so allow the heat to again enter the room.



Our Young Folks

Little People of the Clouds

By E. A. Matthews

Away up in the beautiful blue vault of the sky lives an interesting family of ancient and celebrated lineage. Well may they be proud of their forefathers, for they sprang from old Father Ocean and his sons, the Vapors.

Sometimes they come down to visit him, and, like other children of good parents, never go back empty-handed, but loaded with the moisture that fills and sustains them.

These clouds have a mission, or they would not be a part of Nature's plan.

They must bring water to supply the earth in summer's heat and winter's cold; they must shield us from the sunshine when too hot, and keep it from entirely escaping when fainter and growing weak. The members of the cloud family assume many forms and densities, sometimes soaring high and again down nearer earth; but, no matter what their specific gravity, or what shape they may for the time adopt, they are always at work, and toil unceasingly in their vocation.

These wonderful clouds have a charming family, and the first-born son is called Rain.

Like too many favorite oldest sons, this one is not a credit to his parents. He has strange manners; his talents are brilliant, his influence great, but he is capricious and willful, and of wild, disorderly conduct.

The only excuse to be offered for him is that he has been abominably brought up, and has had no good example at home. For neither parents nor grandparents are reliable people, but too often unsteady, undignified, and fickle.

Like other children, his qualities are mixed—generous and stingy, gentle and fierce, dashing and impetuous, impudent and submissive; all these traits go to make a most richly endowed but wayward character. We have in times past believed that the Rain would never come under the control of mankind, but modern science now hopes to find a power that will compel this rebel to bear the yoke. The second cloud-child is called Fog. Some have thought these two twins, but this cannot be true, for never were there two children more unlike. Even the family resemblance is but faint. Rain is water wrung from the clouds, but Fog is like the clouds themselves descending on the earth. Rain is the bursting globules, Fog is the water before it takes globular form. And the character of the one differs entirely from that of the other.

Rain is a spendthrift, scattering in every direction; Fog is a miser who holds all he can get. Rain is restless and always in motion; Fog is indolent and lazy. Rain is violent and noisy; Fog is stagnant, sullen, and silent.

And mankind has a different regard for these two, loving Rain with all his faults, but cordially disliking the useless, vexatious Fog.

The third child of this family is a fair and spotless daughter. Stately and pure, she floats in her shining white robes, and visits earth when all is bleak and cold. Amid her flock of noisy relatives she seems to be a creature aloof from all their follies. The name of this cloud-daughter is Snow. With hushed footfall she moves over the earth, and trails behind her a white veil that covers up all forms of ugliness. Her manners are soft and gentle, she cannot endure rude discord, and so she quells all noise, and peace follows her noiseless footsteps. She loves to dwell upon the mountain-tops and there reflect the sun-rays untouched by any earthly power. She

reigns "on the heights," a virgin heaven-born and immaculate.

But, alas! sometimes even she must feel the destroyer's touch, and as she comes down to earth it turns her into dirty, ugly slush and makes of her an object of disgust. Sometimes she shows her feminine nature, and, yielding to the approach of the caressing sunshine, she thaws, and then she suffers.

The youngest child, the spoiled darling, the unruly baby of the family, is a son named Hail. How different from his lovely sister! how noisy, rude, and tricky! Always unwelcome, always in mischief—now cutting the crops to pieces, now breaking the windows, now tearing up the tender roots—he is altogether willful and nonsensical. If all these cloud-children are ill-trained and badly reared, surely this youngest is the worst, and makes us think of the good old fathers who were strict with the older sons and daughters, but shockingly indulgent to the youngest and the wickedest.

This ends the list of the children of the clouds. Some say that there is yet one more, the daintiest, sweetest, and smallest of all—the darling of mankind, the Dew. But according to modern science we find that this is not a child of the clouds, but a little sister, and with the Vapor for its parent.

This darling of Nature is a great artist, and scatters jewels and gems of light wherever it touches the earth. Child of the summer, it dwells amid the roses, and on fair, warm mornings is welcomed by all the world. When cold winter breathes upon it, it shivers and turns white, and then we call it Frost.

It is then that he forgets his days of tenderness, and flits about like a tricky sprite making mischief everywhere. Biting the fruit, cutting down the plants, bursting the pipes, and tweaking the noses of the little people, this Jack Frost is naughty, yet lovable in spite of all.

These clouds flit about in their aerial home, sometimes a fair vision to the weary soul, like an open gate to the Better Land, again invisible to our mortal eyes—but always there, always in motion, eternal and undying.



The Memorable Trip of the Flying Scud

By William Murray Graydon

In Two Parts—II.

For a little while a desperate fight seemed inevitable. There were turbulent spirits on both sides. Mop threatened and blustered, and shook his fists. Bob was genuinely sorry for the damage that was done, and sought to pacify his angry enemy. Tip Harman and Mart Eby engaged in a similar altercation, and came to the verge of blows.

But when Mop and his followers discovered that Pug Davis, their most redoubtable fighter, was disabled by a sprained ankle, and that several others were sorely battered, they concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. To attack under these circumstances would have been to court certain and ignominious defeat. So they gathered up the fragments of the King Coaster, refusing all offers of assistance, and limped sullenly down to the fork. As they branched off on the Rocktown road they hurled back a volley of threats.

"You're a set of cowards," yelled Pug Davis. "We'll fix you for this."

"It will be our turn next time," added Mop, "and then we'll show you something. I can lick you with one hand, Bob Nixon."

The Mount Airy boys wisely paid no attention to these taunts. They examined the Flying Scud, and were delighted to find it as sound as ever.

"Come to think of it, I *did* steer pretty well into the middle of the road," said Bob. "I can't remember if there was any space open on the right after the other sled swung around."

"There was a little bit," admitted Jim. "Hardly enough to let us through, though, and, anyway, you wouldn't have had time to steer for it."

"That's so," added Tip. "It wasn't two seconds after the King Coaster turned until the crash came. Don't worry, Bob. You're not to blame."

"Well, it's a great pity," replied Bob. "Those fellows think we did it on purpose, and nothing will make them believe it was an accident. I thought the coasting might make us friends again. Now they're madder than ever."

"They'll do their best to get square with us," said Carl. "You heard what they said?"

"I'm not afraid of them," replied Tip. "They won't come back to the hill in a hurry. The King Coaster is so badly used up that it's only fit for kindling-wood."

"We'll keep our eyes open, anyhow," said Bob. "I'm sorry the race was spoilt. I'll bet anything we would have beaten them to the iron bridge."

By this time the boys were on the way up the hill. They made two trips down, but somehow or other they failed to enjoy the sport with their usual zest. The unfortunate accident had put a damper on their spirits, and at an early hour they went soberly home.

This happened on Friday night. The next day dawned clear and cold. In farming communities Saturday is less of a holiday to young folks than any other day of the week. Bob and his companions had plenty of chores to do at home, and so Bald Hill was deserted all that morning and afternoon. Not a team ventured up or down the slippery road. Toward evening Mop Hazlitt led a chosen band up as far as the fork, and for more than an hour they were as busy as beavers. Then they slunk hurriedly back to Rocktown.

Bob Nixon had no suspicion of danger when he met half a dozen of the boys in front of the village store before supper, and proposed another coasting-trip for that evening. All were willing, in spite of the unfortunate events of the previous night. No one imagined for an instant that the Rocktown boys would seek revenge so soon.

The crowd met at Bob's gate about six o'clock and trudged to the hill. Not a lad was missing. It was a clear and frosty night. Under the starry sky the clumps of pine timber could be seen like dark blots on the snowy whiteness of the distant valley. The creek, with its wooded banks, resembled the coils of a great serpent.

"All aboard," cried Bob; and the boys eagerly took their places. Tip perched himself on the extreme end of the plank, and shoved off with his feet. Creaking, and almost seeming alive, the Flying Scud whizzed down the smooth, icy incline. It fairly flew along, faster and faster, until the breath was fairly taken away from the half-alarmed boys. Surely they had never coasted at such speed before. They seemed to be plunging through empty space. With hair streaming in the wind and eyes fixed ahead, Bob clung manfully to the tiller. He exulted in the responsibility that rested on his shoulders. He felt the pleasure of hardships nobly endured when the shower of fine snow tossed up by the runners stung his cheeks and half blinded his eyes.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he shouted. "How's this for a gait, boys! Hold fast, and I'll take you clear over the bridge."

His companions answered with rousing cheers. The sound echoed far and near on the frosty air. No one thought of the Rocktown boys. No one dreamed of danger amid such exhilarating sport. Ever faster skimmed the Flying Scud. To right and left the fences flew by like gray streaks. Now the fork was close ahead, and Bob took a firmer grip on the tiller.

Suddenly a hoarse cry burst from his lips. In the dim light he saw a tall barrier of snow stretching across the right-hand branch of the road. It was as though no road was there. The newly risen wall curved like an arc, and slanted toward the branch to the left.

The others heard the cry, but they scarce had time to grasp its meaning. Half-unconsciously, Bob jerked the tiller the least bit to the left. Just then the Flying Scud struck the barrier, and, encountering a hard, icy surface

instead of soft snow, it swung around the curve like a flash. The next instant it was gliding at dizzy speed down the steep and narrow Rocktown road—just what Mop Hazlitt and his fellow-schemers had intended should happen.

The boys quickly saw through the situation. At first they were wrathful at the dastardly trick. Then they remembered the perilous curve beyond, and sickly fear chilled their hearts. A babel of hoarse shouts rang on the air.

Bob clung to the tiller and glared wildly about him. He could see nothing but the blurred outlines of the bushes to the right and left. The sled was going at such a truly terrific speed that he dared not swing it out of the road. He knew there were jagged rocks here and there among the bushes.

"Stop her, Bob, stop her!" yelled two or three voices.

"I can't," cried Bob. "Scrape your feet, you fellows. Do something!"

The boys tried this, but to no effect. Little wonder! Water had actually been poured over the road that afternoon to make it more slippery.

"We'll fix the Rocktown gang for this," shouted Tip Harman.

"The curve ain't far off," screeched Jim Stokes. "If we don't stop we'll go over into the creek!"

Just then something happened. Whizz! whizz! Thud! thud! From the bushes on both sides came a volley of snowballs—some hard frozen. Derisive laughter and hoots followed every throw. For the most part, the missiles fell short; but Bob received a stinging blow on the ear, and the lad back of him was hit in the eye. Tip suffered from having the most exposed position. Three snowballs struck him in as many seconds.

But the gauntlet was soon run. The Flying Scud sped on between the double file of ambushed foes, and, swinging around the blunt curve, it lunged straight down hill at the sharp and awful bend below. For a moment the boys were speechless with horror. Death stared them in the face. Then they broke into despairing cries, and tried vainly to drive their heels against the frozen road. The sled was barely twenty feet from the fatal spot, when a horse and cutter came in sight around the curve. A ruddy-faced little lad of fourteen was driving. He saw the danger, and tugged hard at the lines. Too late! With a tremendous crash, cutter and sled came together. By a mad plunge the horse broke loose, and dashed furiously down the road. The Flying Scud shattered and split the cutter, and drove it with tremendous force against the frail locust fence, which instantly gave way. The cutter bumped downward for half a dozen feet, and lodged against the trunk of a dead pine-tree. The Flying Scud upset, pitching the boys to right and left. Then it shot on down the rocky slope, and finally landed on the surface of the creek with such force as to break the ice for a radius of ten feet around.

Except for a few bruises the boys were unhurt. Bob was the first to pull his wits together. He crawled out of the hollow into which he had fallen. Looking up the bank, he saw Mop Hazlitt and half a dozen others standing in a group. He started wrathfully toward them, but stopped when a feeble cry for help rang in his ears.

"It's little Tom," Mop cried, shrilly. "Oh, he'll be drowned. Save him, save him!"

Now Bob understood. He saw a head and a pair of arms struggling amid the broken ice. He went down the steep bank by flying leaps, and plunged fearlessly into the icy water. He swam to the drowning lad, and, taking hold of him, he struggled back towards shore. It was a hard fight, but Bob conquered. He waded out with his burden amid hoarse cheers from friends and foes alike. Both were quickly helped to the top of the bank, where Mop awaited them, pale and trembling. He held out his hand.

"You—you saved my brother's life, Bob," he stammered. "Can you ever forgive me for what I've done? We only wanted to scare you. We thought you could stop before you reached the bend."

"It wasn't Mop's fault, anyway," chimed in Pug Davis.

"Mart Eby and I put him up to it. We're the ones to blame."

Bob was too cold to reply, but his face spoke plainer than words as he took Mop's proffered hand. That ended the old feud, and everybody cheered for joy.

Rocktown was close by, and at Mop's home the drenched lads were provided with dry clothes and hot drinks. Both were soon as lively as ever, though it was marvelous that little Tom had escaped serious injury. He had rolled the whole way down the bank. When the accident occurred he was on his way to a country store a short distance across the iron bridge—a trip of which Mop and his companions knew nothing when they left the village that evening. The runaway horse had arrived home in safety.

Mop readily confessed everything to his parents, and at Bob's urgent request he was forgiven. On the following Monday the wreck of the cutter was dragged up the bank, but the only purpose it served afterward was to make kindling-wood. The Flying Scud was also recovered, and, though badly injured, it was doctored up so skillfully that it made many a run on Bald Hill that winter. Mop and Bob are now the closest of friends, as are also their followers. Nor, while they remember the past, will they be tempted to another rupture.



Here and Elsewhere

In Philadelphia the messenger-boys deliver their messages on bicycles. Their pay has been increased twenty-five cents a day. It is said that the district messenger service of the city has greatly improved since the introduction of the bicycles.

Workmen have been busy for some weeks at the white marble arch erected on Washington Square at the beginning of Fifth Avenue (commemorating the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States), because a small boy in a fit of anger threw a bottle filled with red ink at a little schoolfellow. The bottle struck the white marble of the arch and left a stain like blood on it; so day after day these workmen have been busy trying, not altogether successfully, to remove a blot made by a school-boy in anger. The boy is not known, but all his life he will have to carry the remembrance that his hasty act has left a blot, ugly and unsightly, on what was meant to beautify and ennoble a city.

A funny story is told of a New York broker who wished to find a certain number on Greenwich Street. He got out at the elevated railroad station that he thought was nearest the number he desired, and was astonished on reaching the street to find on the post of the elevated road "200." He jumped to the conclusion that this number indicated the number of the house opposite, and was put there for convenience. So he started to walk to find his number, giving his attention entirely to discovering the figures 400 on another elevated post. At last he found them, but discovered at the same time that he was not in Greenwich Street. He then stopped and asked a man where he was, when the man informed him that he was entirely wrong as to his street; that all the posts of the elevated road were numbered, and that he had simply been counting the posts. This is only another evidence of how many of us have eyes and see not, and have brains and think not.

It is said that attempts are being made by stamp-dealers to buy from the Government all of the rarer of the Columbian stamps. It is stated that, at the time the Government decided not to issue any more of the ten-cent stamped envelopes, one large dealer bought up ten thousand of these stamps, and then sent out an announcement to the collectors of postage-stamps that after a certain date he would be the only person in the country who could furnish these stamped envelopes. Some of the collectors wrote to Washington and demanded to know how this man was to obtain possession of all these envelopes, which were, as far as

they knew, still being issued by the Government. An investigation was started by the Government, and it was found that this dealer had obtained his information through a friend who was in the Department. The Government printed one hundred and fifty thousand more of the envelopes, and notified all the dealers that they could have as many as they chose at the regular price, by applying through the customary channels. It is said that something of the same plan of this shrewd dealer is now being tried by some of the dealers in postage-stamps, and the Department is in constant receipt of complaints from collectors throughout the country.



Sunday Afternoon

Let Not Your Heart be Troubled¹

By Lyman Abbott

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.—John xiv., 1.

Not for a long time have men been so beset by troubles as they are to-day—men in every grade and rank of life, rich men no less than poor men, perhaps rather more than poor men. And these troubles and cares that infest our lives are not altogether the ignoble things they are sometimes represented to be; they are partly ignoble, and they partly grow out of that which is noble in our nature. Let me try for a moment to group together, to analyze, to interpret these troubles—interpreting your own heart-story to yourself.

We have been accustomed to certain kinds of food and clothing and certain kinds of comfortable and perhaps luxurious provision, and now it is threatened that this be taken from us. That we should not care so much about; but it is threatened to take these things away from those we love—the wife, the children; they have been brought up according to a certain standard, with certain habits, accustomed to certain comforts. It would not have made so much matter if they had been trained otherwise. The Eskimo may be comfortable in his little hut and with his fur-skin and with his adaptation to the climate; but to take one who has been living where the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, and the water ripples, and the air is fragrant, and summer is all the year round, and suddenly put him where it is winter all the year round—this is hard; and we have dreaded this for those we love. And along with this there has come perhaps into our lives the sense that our life has been thrown away. We have labored for years and built up a superstructure, and suddenly the wind has blown upon it, and it has come down. And along with this comes a certain sense of humiliation. It is said of a man that he has “failed,” and this very word “failed” carries with it a sense of humiliation. It is as though he had tried to accomplish something and all the labor of his life had gone for naught. And along with this is the anxiety that comes from a sense of responsibility for others. This manufacturer has been furnishing employment, and so broad, to a thousand men; this banker has been carrying the well-being of thousands; and now, when disaster threatens the bank or the manufacturer, it is not he alone that is threatened, but all those that were dependent on him also, and he carries vicariously the load of many. I think those of us who are professional men, lawyers, teachers, ministers, especially ministers, do not realize what it is to carry the burden of a thousand men on one’s shoulders. There is many a man in the mercantile career to-day who is like the ship-captain on a great ocean steamer: what he cares for is not lest he may go down, but lest his passengers, crew, and those who are intrusted to his safe-keeping perish. Love has its anxieties, and these are noble anxieties. And then, along with these, is the perplexity that comes from what look like conflicting duties. Many a man stands perplexed between the consideration

of mercy toward his debtors and justice toward his creditors and his family. As a man stands in a crowd and the one that is behind him says, “Don’t shove so,” and he replies, “My dear man, I cannot help it; somebody else is shoving me,” so are the men that are pushed from behind on to their fellows in front, and whether they shall push forward or back they cannot tell: they are distraught between the problem of charity on the one side and justice and fair-dealing to those that are dependent on them on the other.

Now, to men under this stress and trouble come the invitations of the Bible: “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;” “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee;” “My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid;” “Let not your heart be troubled: ye have faith in God, have faith also in me.” And these invitations are strengthened and ratified by the voice of experience. The truth of them is testified to by many a life, witnessed to by many a soul: by Joseph, bearing himself in calmness when plunged into the dungeon in Egypt, and when lifted out of the dungeon and brought before the great Pharaoh, the King, and his court; by such a life as that of David, who, fleeing from before an army of rebels led by his own son, yet could sing, “I laid me down in peace and slept, for the Lord sustained me;” by the experience of Jeremiah, let down into the dungeon by his enemies and left there, and keeping his soul unmoved; most of all by the life of the Christ, standing calm in the midst of the turbulent mob howling for his life, and carrying such a surplus of peace that he could in the very last hour, with the shadow of his death cast upon him, out of that surplus bestow it upon others.

“Let not your heart be troubled: ye have faith in God, have faith also in Christ.” If you look at this text at all carefully, you see that there is something in Christianity that there is not in theism. It is not merely faith in God that gives peace, but faith in Christ; faith in a Messianic God, in a God who is in the world; in a God who is revealed and known to men; in a God who is companioning men; in a God who is Emanuel, God with us; in a God who cares for his children and is living with them; in a God who bears their burdens on his own heart and strengthens and shapes their life. This is Christianity; Judaism also, for Judaism is only Christianity not yet ripened, and Christianity is only Judaism blossomed and bearing its fruit. But it is more than theism, more than belief that there is a God; it is belief in a companioning, a revealed, an indwelling, a redeeming, a directing, a guiding God.

You believe, in the first place, that this life is a temporal life; that all material things are temporal. You have not been living for them; they have been the mere instruments, the mere tools, the mere things by which you are preparing for something beyond. You are here at school, and these temporal things are the books and apparatus; your life is not in them, your life lies in the beyond. I was at Leadville a few years ago, and I found that the richest men lived in little wooden houses that were scarcely more than shanties, but I found silverware and china as fine as could be found in Chicago, if not as fine as could be found in New York or Paris, and I found the best pianos. I asked, Why? Men replied, We have come to live in Leadville for two or three years, and then go back to “God’s country,” and we are not going to put our money into houses; but we will put it into silverware and into china and into pianos that we can carry with us. That was good sense, was it not, for the Leadville men? It would be good sense for us as well. And that is what we have been doing if we have had faith in the Christ. We have not been putting our treasure in things we must leave behind us; we have been putting it into things that we can carry with us. When you have seen misfortune—that is, what is called misfortune—come upon some other man, you have said, Well, I am sorry for him, and I am sorry for his wife, but I am glad for his boy; the danger of that boy was that he would be so coddled and cared for that he never would have any force

¹Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, January 14, 1894. Reported for The Outlook by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

and energy. It is a good thing he is going to be thrown upon his own resources. But does it not occur to you that it may be good for your boy? It is just as good for your boy as it was for his. It is a great deal better to be born with an iron spade in one's hand than with a golden spoon in one's mouth; and we all know it except when our own children are concerned. If, in point of fact, what you have been caring for in all this time has been for your children—not comfort, but character; if you have been wanting that they should be made strong and manly and virtuous, that they should be built up within, then you are not to be depressed and anxious because they can no longer sleep on a feather bed and no longer eat out of a golden spoon.

Nor have you failed; that is, if you have had faith in Christ. It depends on what you have been building. If you have been building a fortune, and disaster has come and swept away the fortune, then you have failed, your life has been thrown away. But it is well that you have learned it now, because every life that is spent in amassing a fortune is a life thrown away, and the sooner a man finds it out the better. You have not been living for that; you have been living for something higher and better; you have had faith in Him who came to build for eternity, and you with Him have been building for eternity; and even the failures that have overtaken you, and the disasters that have come upon your work, they are a part of God's design. There was an old Greek fable that there was a bird called the halcyon, that built its nest of twigs by the seashore, and the sea dashing upon it and tossing it up and down would break away all that was imperfect in this nest; and then the bird would go and rebuild again that which had been broken, and all the rest would be strengthened by the beating of the waves; and then, when the nest was finished, the bird would launch it out upon the sea; and then, in the breeding-time, while the little birds were coming, the sea would be calm. You and I have been building our nests, and the storm takes them and shakes them, and that which is not built for eternity is broken down; and it is well that it is broken down, and we find where our lives are weak. When the great Brooklyn Bridge was being built, every strand of wire was tested. If it had not been, some time or other that bridge would have come down, for bad wire would have been in it. The strands were tested one by one. Thank God, if the storm has come into your life, and some of the single strands that you are putting into your life have been broken, it is better to find it out now than to find it by and by. I have said that life is a college. There is at Oxford University one college which I believe the boys in derision call the Pool of Bethesda, because it is a place where the lame, the halt, and the blind do gather; and there is Balliol College, which no man can pass if he is not studying for honors. There is the one college that has no tests that are severe, there is the other college in which there are continual and severe tests. Which one do you want your boy to graduate from? The life that tries a man is the life to be thankful for.

You could bear the present, however. As yet, you are not hungry or cold, and your wife and children are not hungry or cold, but you fear for the future. It is astonishing how far off men can see that proverbial wolf. They hear him, not merely at the door, but a hundred miles away, when he is not coming to the door at all. But you believe that God is your guide and guardian; you do not believe that the future is ruled by chance. No; you have faith in a King of love who is your shepherd; you have faith that he has guided you all the way thus far, and that he will guide you in all the future. Listen again. If you could listen aright, what you would hear at the door would not be the baying of a wolf, but the song of an angel, and that which seems to you disaster you would find to be the Christ coming to try and test, that he may make, you. Ruskin I think it is who says, Foresight—yes, but not foresorrow! There is a great difference between living in the future and planning for it. Planning for it is the way to guard against worry. But do not live in the future. Some men build castles in the air and live in them, but I think

more men and women build inquisitions in the air and are tortured in them. It was a long time ago that a poet wrote, "I once was young, and now am old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread;" and it was a later and more divine prophet who said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." I believe they are both true. I do not believe that if a man does really consecrate himself to God's service, seeks God's kingdom, gives himself to God's glory—I do not believe either he or his will suffer starvation; he may go without cake, but he won't go without bread. But if he does, it is no great matter. We sing here this morning, "Thy Cross before to guide me." We like to think of the Cross as leading us; but when the real Cross guides, when the voice of Christ says, "You shall share my poverty with me: I knew not where to lay my head—you shall not know where to lay your head; I went from village to village and with no other dependence than God—do you follow me there?" we like to sing about it better than we like to do it. But it is a glorious thing to be called into the battle by such a voice as that of Christ, and take up the cross that Christ bore, and bear the burdens that Christ carried, in the Christ spirit.

But perhaps your anxieties are those that have grown out of love. You say, I could let money go, I do not care much for that, and I could let it go so far as my friends and children are concerned—that is not important. But sickness is coming through the community, and the veiled and mystic figure that we call death is standing on your door-step, and you have been waiting, listening, and wondering if he is going to knock, for when he knocks we must admit him; your heart has sunk within you, and you have felt a fear lest some of the light of your home should go out from you. Are there any of us who do not know that experience? Do you remember that beautiful picture of Watts, "Love and Death," Love pressed back upon the roses that are climbing over the cottage door, and Death, not bitter or wrathful, but irresistible, pressing in upon Love and upon the cottage door, and you know that in a moment the door will be opened and Love will be vanquished and Death will be triumphant? Beautiful picture; but it is not true! It is not Love that wants to keep Death away; no, no! When death takes my loved one, if I have this faith in Christ, death takes all the burden off from him and leaves me to bear his burdens as well as my own; and if I love, I shall be thankful in my tears. This veiled figure is no death's head with hour-glass and scythe; it is the Christ coming that he may take the child, the wife, the mother, the friend, out from the burden, out from the sorrow of life. And when the hour does come, and you look upon the form of the one that you loved, if you have that faith in Christ that you think you have, you see the resurrection, not the death; you see the heavenly form rising, and the voice is borne back into your ears, and glory comes sounding in your heart, and in all your tears and loneliness and sorrow you are thankful that your loved one is raised from the dead, the battle ended, the victory won.

He leaveth his peace with his disciples. There is no other peace that can serve us. We cannot have the peace if we are living our own life, striving for our own will, seeking to walk in our own way; but if in very truth we have faith in him, if we believe that he is a God that has come into the world, if we believe that he is companioning us, redeeming us, that God rules the world, that all material things are simply the instruments preparing us for another world, that our failures here are the secret and the starting-point of a grander success hereafter; if we are willing to leave the past in his hands because we cannot alter it, and the future because we cannot control it, and live simply in the present moment, do our duty here and now—we may walk as he walked in the midst of the tempest, and go over the sea, and the sea shall not engulf us and the tempest shall not destroy us. God grant that you who stand more in the tempest of life than I do, and who know more of its struggles and trials, from which in large measure the minister is so blessedly relieved—God grant that you may see glimpses of the eternal world.

A Covenant God¹

By Lyman Abbott

That God is a covenant-making and a covenant-keeping God is one of the truths which stand pre-eminent among those which he has revealed concerning himself in the Bible. It is involved in the very title of the two collections which make up the Bible—Old Testament and New Testament—that is, Old Covenant and New Covenant. The Bible is God's covenant with his children. It appears in the whole structure of the Bible and its history. God covenants with Adam in the day when he creates him, in saying to him, "Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over it, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This command is itself a covenant, a promise that man shall have power to subdue it. God covenants again with him in the day in which he expels him from the Garden, promising him that the seed of the woman shall destroy the serpent that is the symbol and so the power of evil. He covenants again with him when he hangs his bow upon the back of the retreating cloud; and again when he promises to Abraham to raise up to him a seed of believers that shall be as the stars for multitude; and again when he summons Moses to call Israel out of Egypt and promises to go with Moses and be his God and guide; and again when he appears, drawn sword in hand, as a Man of War to encourage Joshua; and again when he cheers the heart of exiled David hiding in the limestone caves of Judea from the persecutions of Saul. Thus all the way down Israel's history all the commandments of God are commandments with promise, and all the history of Israel is the history of the way in which Jehovah kept his promises and Israel disregarded theirs. Similarly, the New Testament opens with a song of promise by the angels above Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," and ends with the promise of the risen and ascended Jesus: "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

To interpret God as a covenant-making God, and the Bible as the Book of the Covenant—which is the title of what is probably the most ancient writing in the Bible (Exod. xxiv., 7)—would require a volume; for it would involve an interpretation of the whole of the Old and the New Testaments. Such an interpretation would show all science founded on the promise, Ye shall subdue the earth; and all national prosperity on the promise, If ye be obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; and all liberty on the promise, Law shall proceed out of Zion—that is, obedience shall be enforced by conscience, not by a standing army or an organized police; and, in a word, all the prosperity of life, material, intellectual, moral, spiritual, to be founded on God as a Covenant God.

All I can do here is to point out three Covenants of God, which he makes with the children of faith, and by which they enter into and inherit what is better than a promised land, namely, a promised life.

Here is a man who has done wrong, gone wrong, become wrong. He has sinned, and he cannot erase the sin from his memory. He has become entangled with evil companions and enmeshed in temptations, and he knows not how to disentangle himself. He has obscured his spiritual vision, and weakened and vitiated his will, and he is no longer the man he once was, still less the man he once hoped to be. What counsel can I give him? I will refer him to the Covenant God. I will read him such a promise as this from the Old Testament: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and unto our God, for he will abundantly pardon;" or to such a promise as this of Christ in the New Testament: "Thy sins are forgiven thee: go, and sin no more." This is the fundamental, the basic doctrine of the Gospel; this is the Glad Tidings, written alike in Old Testament and in New Testament—that there is a God who makes a covenant with sinners that if they desire to abandon their

sin he will help them out of their sin, and the past sin he will not remember against them. A devout Christian lady asked me the other day whether I would counsel her to enter on certain philanthropic work, one condition of which was that the subject of religion should not be mentioned. This is just now not infrequently made a condition, under what I believe to be a thoroughly erroneous impression, that thus religious prejudices may be avoided. I said, No! and I desire to say it here again, and with emphasis. I will not put a straw in the way of the man who is trying to help men and women out of misery without God, by appealing to their own manhood and womanhood; but I cannot work in their methods, nor can I advise any one else so to do. The only remedy I know for a man wretched because he has been wicked is in a Covenant God, and I will not under any circumstances pledge myself to keep silent respecting Him. I will go nowhere if I cannot carry the hope, the only hope, that cheers and encourages me. As little will I go where I must attach conditions to this covenant not contained in the covenant itself. The remedy for any despairing soul is in a Covenant God, and in men only as they reflect the grace and mercy of a Covenant God.

The repentant sinner has entered on a new life, or is trying to do so. But it is difficult. The way from the far country to the Father's home is ordinarily a long way, and often a hard way. For such a pilgrim there are covenants, such as "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able," or "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." God is a Covenant God. He is not a Czar issuing laws and leaving men to themselves, only holding them to strict account for failure to keep these laws; he is a Father interpreting the laws of life, and with them giving such shielding and such strengthening that his children, despite their weakness, can fulfill them. If temptation comes, it is not to destroy, but to strengthen; as the balls of the enemy buried in the earthwork do not weaken but strengthen it to resist future attack.

In this new life all is not peace. There is struggle and sorrow; sometimes loneliness; sometimes discouragement. The pilgrim is called to walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But he is not alone, even when he most seems to be. This Covenant God is with him; the God who says, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." This Covenant God does not promise exemption from sorrow, but victory in sorrow: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." The darkest door, if we be walking with the Covenant God, leads from night to day-dawn; the Valley of Trouble becomes a door of hope. (Hosea ii., 15.)

My space is exhausted, and I have but barely begun to suggest the liberty of the glory of the sons of God, who enter into life through the promises of a Covenant God, and are sustained in life by his companionship. Nor have I had space to refer to the Lord's Supper as itself the symbol and seal of these covenants with the Father through his Son, nor to the ratification and confirmation of this covenant in the death of his Son, nor to the power of a Covenant God to purify and perfect those who enter into and keep the covenants. I can do this only by offering for my readers the Apostolic prayer: "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

QUESTIONS

How can we be perfect before God? In what sense is Abraham the father of many nations? Who are the seed of Abraham? What lesson does Paul teach from the circumcision of Abraham? What light on the nature of election is thrown by the call of Abraham? Make a selection of God's covenants or promises in the Bible.

¹ International Sunday-School Lesson for February 11, 1894.—Gen. xvii., 1-9.

The Religious World

The New Church House for Missions

The new Church Mission House of
the Protestant Episcopal Church at
Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second

Street, New York, was formally dedicated on January 25. The Vice-President of the Mission Board, Bishop Doane, of Albany, presided at the service. The building has been in use since January 1. It occupies the former site of the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, which is now waiting to find some suitable up-town site. The building is one of the most beautiful in New York, and has been erected at a cost of about \$375,000. The services of dedication were preceded by the celebration of the Holy Communion, which was held at ten o'clock, the dedicatory services taking place at 3 P.M. in the chapel of the building. Many of the most prominent bishops, clergymen, and laymen of the denomination were present, and the Woman's Auxiliary was also represented. The Church Missionary Society will occupy the second floor of this building, while an income will be derived from the rental of the first floor for stores and the upper floors for offices. In answer to the remark often heard that the building of such edifices by the Christian Church is an unworthy use of money, it may be argued that the rental derived from the buildings becomes a source of revenue, and that often within a few years they return to the Church far more than the cost of their original erection, and become a constant endowment, ever increasing in value. By the way, the locality between Twentieth and Twenty-third Streets is now a notable center of Christian institutions. Within three or four blocks are All Souls' Church (Unitarian), Calvary Episcopal Church, and the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, all among the strong churches of the city; and on the block between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets on the one side are the United Charities Building and this new Mission House, and on the other side the noble home of the Y. M. C. A. in New York. If the Bible House were only in that immediate vicinity, and the Methodist Book Concern, and the Presbyterian House also, the executive departments of almost all the Christian church work in the metropolis would be on two or three contiguous blocks.

The Presbyterians and Work Among the Negroes

The General Assemblies of the
Northern and Southern Presby-
terian Churches last year both

appointed committees to consider and report concerning the advisability of co-operation between the two Churches in their work among the negroes. The instructions of the Southern Assembly to its Committee were as follows: (1) To unite the work of the two Churches in behalf of the negroes in an effort to build up an independent negro Church; or, if this failed, (2) to bring the work of the two Churches for this cause into closer sympathy by practical co-operation in every way possible. We print in full the action of this Committee, because we think it should be carefully pondered:

The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. and the Presbyterian Church in U. S. are agreed--

1. That we recognize the solemn duty laid upon us by our common Lord to work for the evangelization of the negroes in our country.

2. We believe that this work can be better done if we work together than, as at present, separately.

3. We agree that the entire work now done by both Assemblies shall hereafter be conducted together, and to the work so conducted we pledge our continued confidence, prayers, contributions, and moral support.

4. In view of the fact that the work done by the Northern Church has been conducted under the corporate name of the Board of Missions for Freedmen of the Presbyterian Church in the Presbyterian Church of U. S. A., in whose name property is held, and to which bequests have been made, and it being deemed advisable for legal reasons that the future work of the two Churches should be conducted under the same corporate power, it is agreed that said Board, constituted as hereinafter provided, shall manage and control the work of the two Assemblies, and shall make annual reports to both Assemblies.

5. Said Board shall consist of twenty-two members, fifteen of whom have been or may be appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., according to existing law, and seven others who shall be selected by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in U. S., and, if vested rights or charter requirements shall make it necessary, the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. shall make legal and effective the selections of the said seven members.

6. We make these mutual concessions because we hope we can unitedly do better the Master's work for these people, the brethren from the South changing their present responsibilities and power over a limited work, to take part in the much larger and more important work to be done by both Churches; the Northern Church inviting the assistance and co-operation of their brethren from the South, because of their local knowledge and experience, and their vital

personal interest in the success of these efforts to Christianize and elevate this race who are all around them, touching them at every point.

7. That the Rev. Dr. W. C. Young and General R. D. Johnston be appointed to wait on the Assembly at Saratoga, and the Rev. Dr. Cowan and the Rev. A. L. Phillips be appointed to wait on the Assembly at Nashville, to give such explanation of our action as the brethren may desire, and that, in case of inability to attend, they shall each have power to substitute another member of the Committee to represent them.

Remarks on the Report

The Christian Church ought distinctly to face the facts given in this report. The Southern Presbyterian Assembly will not under any circumstances recognize colored Presbyterians as entitled to the same rights and privileges as themselves. The Northern Assembly, to its credit, will not permit the color line to be drawn. The "Interior" well says: "There is but one solution that we can see, and that is that the colored Presbyteries shall be attached to the Northern Assembly." We can understand perfectly well that there are many conditions of life in the South which make the adjustment of the race problem a difficult one, but we cannot understand how those who call themselves Christians can say to others in whom Christ dwells that they ought not to be, and cannot be, recognized in the same Christian fellowship. The record of the Northern Church thus far has been right, but there is danger that influences will soon be at work to induce them to lower the standard on this subject. They ought to fail. Let the fact be fairly faced; no possible heresy concerning the Book in which our Master has chosen to express his truth can be so serious as that heresy which insults the humanity in which our Lord became incarnate. There is very much being said in these times about misrepresentation of Christ in current social ideals and customs; there is no more absolute misrepresentation of him than in the example of those who refuse to recognize their brother in Christ because he happens to be a "brother in black." This report at the best can work only temporarily. No question is ever settled until it is settled right.

Berkeley Temple

Berkeley Temple in Boston is now about six years old, and its last year has been the most successful of all the six. As is well known, this church is located in a district surrounded by boarding-houses and the homes of the lower middle class. Its constituency is very largely of young men and women in shops and offices, and others whose business requires them to live near to the center of Boston. Its membership is now 957, and it received during the past year 103 persons, 56 of whom came on confession of faith. The church is distinctly an institutional church, and the variety of its activities would require almost a column of this paper to enumerate. Some idea of the amount of work which is being done may be gathered from the fact that during this season of special poverty one hundred women are employed in making and mending garments which are distributed to the poor. We are informed that it takes the entire attention of one man to receive the applications for clothing and to make a proper response to the applicants. The institutional church is no longer a problem. Berkeley Temple in Boston, the Tabernacle in Jersey City, St. George's and the Judson Memorial in New York, Plymouth in Milwaukee, and various others, have already demonstrated that no church need be moved from its old location simply because the well-to-do have changed their places of abode. That, on the other hand, is often the chief reason why no change should be made, for those who take the places of the well-to-do usually feed churches far more than those who remove their families to what is both morally and physically a more healthy environment.

The Evangelistic Meetings in Brooklyn

An evangelistic campaign, which has now continued for several weeks, is in progress in Brooklyn, and the work is said to be decidedly encouraging, although we recently heard one of the oldest and most conservative of the Presbyterian ministers of the city say that he feared the meetings were chiefly attended by those who were already professing Christians, and that comparatively little impression was being made on the unconverted. Every day at noon services are held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and the attendance there has been very large. Among the evangelists who have aided in this movement are George C. Needham, H. M. Wharton, Ferd.

Schiverea, Thomas Needham, Arthur Crane. It is expected that before long Mr. Moody will add the inspiration of his presence to the work. Every afternoon prayer and testimony meetings are held in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church. Every evening the Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, has preached in the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, five churches uniting in the service. The entire work is under the direction of a central committee, including members of many denominations. Dr. David Gregg is Chairman of the committee. This campaign is modeled after that which was conducted during the summer in Chicago under the leadership of Mr. Moody.

From the Pacific Coast Reports reach us that revivals have been frequent throughout the States of California, Oregon, and Washington during the year which has just closed, and this fact is borne out in the records of at least one denomination, the Congregational, for four of the churches reporting the largest number of converts during the year were on that coast. New churches are being erected in spite of the hard times, and the spiritual outlook is relatively most encouraging. We have recently read in one of our exchanges an account of the Sunday-school Christmas celebration in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, which is most remarkable. At the celebration there was a crowded audience in which was the new representative of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of China, with his suite. At the proper time he was invited to the platform, and, in reply to the pastor's greeting, addressed the audience as follows: "I thank you on behalf of myself and these other members of the Consulate for the cordial welcome. I have but recently come to your country, and I am with lifelong prejudices against your religion. I came here this evening to see and hear for myself. This is the first occasion of this kind that I have ever witnessed; and if this is a sample, my prejudices are largely dispelled. If the birth of your Redeemer produces such happiness as I see in these glad faces, his religion must be something very beautiful indeed." These remarks were interpreted by the Vice-Consul, who, although a Chinaman, is a graduate of Yale University. After he had finished his interpretation he added remarks of his own which won generous applause. Such incidents as these cannot fail to go far toward dispelling the unfortunate impressions which our recent political conduct has helped to deepen—viz., that there is a deep-seated prejudice in this country against the Chinaman.

The Mid-Week Meeting We have received some of the announcements of the mid-week service as it is conducted by the First Congregational Church of Owatonna, Minn., which are something unique in that line of work. We have often wondered why it should be thought necessary carefully to prepare for the other services of our churches, while the mid-week service is left to the inspiration which so often comes to those who are either naturally uninteresting or have hobbies to ride. This church in Minnesota has a different idea. It prepares a programme, which is printed, of what is a combination of a devotional and an instructive service. For instance, when the topic was "Overruling Providence," we find the following programme: Devotional service; then a character-sketch of Joseph; an address on Paul's conversion; the singing of a duet; an address on the subject "Seed-Corn of the Church," and finally one on "Adoniram Judson." Another meeting had the following order: Topic—"Love's Service;" devotional service; general prayer; a character-sketch of Ruth; a paper on "Marys and Marthas;" a song (solo); a paper on Florence Nightingale; an address on "The Good Samaritan." We are very favorably impressed with this method of conducting the mid-week service, and believe that something akin to it would help in the solution of what to many pastors is a difficult problem.

Facts about the Church of England

The Established Church of England is by far the largest religious body in that country, just about equaling in the number of its churches all the various Nonconformist denominations. The royalty, the nobility, the universities, and the vast ecclesiastical endowments are all in the hands of this Church.

Some figures concerning its workers and its revenue have recently appeared in the English papers. The clergymen of the Established Church numbered in 1891, 24,232; the Roman Catholic priests, 2,511; ministers and priests of other religious bodies, 10,057; missionaries, Scripture readers, and itinerant preachers, about 9,300. It will thus be seen that the clergymen of the Episcopal Church outnumber those of Nonconformist bodies; but it should also be remembered that when the number of places of worship and of work in the hands of Nonconformists are compared with those of the Establishment, they are, as we have already said, about equal. A very much larger number of clergymen are without duties in the Church of England than in the Dissenting bodies. When we turn from these figures to those which represent the revenues of the Church of England, we have the following, taken from a recent number of "The Christian World," and by it quoted from "Truth:"

The total revenue of the Church of England, according to the "Financial Reform Almanac," is £3,753,557, derived as follows: Lands, £1,371,107; tithe-rent charges, £2,968,352; houses and ground-rents, £505,423; minerals, £269,855; rent-charges on estates, etc., £161,915; dividends and interest, £301,644; other receipts, £153,390. Of the total, only £284,396 is derived from private benefactions since 1703. This, therefore, disposes of the popular error so diligently nurtured by the Church—that a vast portion of its revenues are the result of private and modern gifts on the part of Churchmen. We might leave this amount to the Church; indeed, we might leave the Church £753,557 per annum, if we are of a generous disposition, and yet there would remain for us five millions per annum, which might be expended for the benefit of the community. Churchmen would then have an opportunity, like Dissenters, to show their zeal for their sect by subscribing the funds needed for its ministry.

It will be readily seen that the writer of the above extract is by no means in sympathy with the Establishment, but we do not know that that fact need be taken into consideration in an examination of the figures. The Church of England is without doubt the greatest spiritual force in the British Empire; but we never study its magnificent history, or examine its splendid achievements in our time, without thinking how much more useful it would be if it were only disestablished and on the same footing with the Episcopal Church in this country.

The Salvation Army in England

The January number of "The Conqueror," which is the monthly organ of the Salvation Army, is both interesting and valuable. Perhaps the article which will attract most attention is the one entitled "The Heart of the World," which gives an outline of the operations of the Army in London. We cull from it a few facts. The London division now has accommodations for 57,000 persons, and sells weekly 40,000 "War Crys" and 15,000 "Young Soldiers." The international headquarters of the Army are 101-105 Queen Victoria Street. The most important building in connection with the service is the great Congress Hall and Training Home at Clapton, in the East of London. The trade department is in Clerkenwell Road. There the printing is done, and, indeed, it is the headquarters of the entire business and publishing department. Among the places of meeting which are most frequently visited are the Congress Hall, which seats four thousand, and which is thronged every Sunday night; and the Regent Hall, near to Oxford Circus, which is well known to all Americans who visit London and seek information concerning the Army. This is in the midst of the aristocratic shopping district, and also in the midst of a region of great spiritual destitution. At this hall every Tuesday afternoon "holiness meetings" are led either by Mrs. Bramwell Booth or Mrs. Booth-Tucker. Other halls are found at Wood Green, Camberwell, Kilburn, Chelsea, Highgate, and, indeed, in almost all parts of the city. Not long ago serious charges were made concerning the financial management of the Army. General Booth insisted at once that the accounts should be put into the hands of experts, and the result was an entire vindication of the financial management. General Booth is himself in command in London, but his son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, with his wife and Miss Eva Booth, who has charge of the London division and the entire training operations, are most efficient helpers. The Woman's Rescue work is under the direction of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. It was the writer's privilege during the last summer to inspect the rescue work of the Army, and he bears grateful testimony to the service which the Salvation Army Shelters are doing among the very poor of the world's metropolis. The tea, coffee, and cocoa were of an excellent quality, and

a pint, steaming hot, with a large piece of bread well buttered or with jam on it, the bread also of the best quality, was furnished to the men, if the writer remembers correctly, for one penny; an inspection of the kitchens showed everything cleanly and orderly enough to satisfy a New England housekeeper. The dormitories were unlike anything which we had seen before. On the floor boxes large enough to hold one person were laid, and in them a kind of leather-covered mattress and pillow, with a thick leather or rubber covering. The leather was chosen for purposes of cleanliness. Every night the shelters are thronged; religious services are held at a given hour, and then the dormitories are quickly filled. These various departments of work are outlined in this article in "The Conqueror."



The Death of Professor Gulliver

The Rev. John Putnam Gulliver, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, died at Andover, Mass., on January 25.

Dr. Gulliver was born in Boston, Mass., upon the 12th of May, 1819, and spent his childhood and early youth in Boston and in Andover, where he fitted for college in Phillips Academy. He was graduated from Yale College in 1840, and, after teaching as Principal for two years in Randolph Academy, he entered Andover Seminary, and graduated in 1845. Immediately after his graduation he was installed pastor of the Broadway Church in Norwich, Conn., and continued in this pastorate for twenty years. From 1865 till 1868 he was pastor of the New England Church in Chicago, Ill., and after that President of Knox College until 1872. Returning to the East, he became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Binghamton, N. Y., remaining there until 1878, when he was elected to the Stone Professorship in Andover Theological Seminary. This office he held until his death, though he was compelled, by reason of the infirmities of increasing years, to discontinue the more exacting labor of instruction after 1891.

Professor Gulliver was of the sturdiest New England stock. He was descended on the Gulliver side from Anthony Gulliver, born in England in 1619, who emigrated to America in 1645, settled in Braintree, Mass., and afterwards purchased and occupied a homestead in Milton, Mass.

Professor Gulliver's paternal grandfather, Gershom Gulliver, was active throughout the Revolutionary War, and was one of the "Minute-Men" who participated in the battle of Lexington. By a curious coincidence, Professor Gulliver's grandmother, who afterwards became the wife of Henry Putnam, a nephew of Israel Putnam, was also present at the battle of Lexington, though then a little girl, occupied all day in carrying food and coffee to the "Minute-Men" who were engaged in the battle. During that battle she supplied Gershom Gulliver with coffee and food. Thus the two families of Putnams and Gullivers, afterwards connected by the marriage of children then unborn, were first introduced over a bowl of coffee at the battle of Lexington. Gershom Gulliver afterwards joined the Continental Army at its organization, and was one of the detachment of one thousand men ordered by Washington to take possession of Dorchester Heights, which they occupied after its evacuation by the British troops. He subsequently served at Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

Professor Gulliver's father, John, married Sarah Putnam. John Gulliver was a merchant in Boston and afterwards in Philadelphia, and throughout his long life was a leader in religious, philanthropic, and educational movements, one of the founders of the American Education Society, and an aggressive Abolitionist. Professor Gulliver inherited from both his father and his mother a rare quickness of intellect and vigor of character. Even in his early youth he entered with great interest into the theological and political questions which were then enlisting the thought of the people of New England. His long pastorate in Norwich was most fruitful, not only in the prosperity and spiritual growth of the Church, but in relation with the wider interests of the city, the State, and the Nation, to which he gave himself with tireless devotion. He was a member of the Corporation of Yale College, and through his efforts the Norwich Free Academy was founded and endowed. He was a fearless advocate of the abolition of slavery, and a zealous supporter of every effort to reduce intemperance.

When Lincoln's first call for troops was issued during the late rebellion, Professor Gulliver was offered and accepted a staff appointment by General Tyler, of Connecticut. But, owing to his then feeble state of health, the examining surgeon would not permit him to serve in the field. During the Civil War he was an ardent supporter and a friend of President Lincoln, and a

warm friend and trusted adviser of his parishioner, Governor Buckingham. His excessive labors and anxieties during those trying years left their permanent effects upon him and doubtless shortened his life. His later years have been years of peace, though of constant industry and of unflagging interest in every question which involved the prosperity of the country or the progress of the kingdom of God. * *



Gleanings

—The Rev. W. C. Schaeffer, Ph.D., who was elected Professor of Theology in Catawba College (Lutheran), at Newton, N. C., has declined the professorship.

—A course of lectures on "The Religions of Japan" will be delivered in the Adams Chapel of the Union Theological Seminary of this city by the Rev. William Elliot Griffis, D.D., of Ithaca, N. Y., formerly of the Imperial University of Japan.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rt. Rev. William Crosswell Doane's ordering as Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Diocese of Albany, N. Y., will be celebrated on February 2 with special services throughout the churches of the diocese.

—The First Baptist Church on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, has secured the Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage, of New York, as temporary pastor. Dr. Armitage will act as pastor of the church for the next three months, when the pulpit will be filled permanently.

—The Rev. Thomas K. Fessenden, well known as the founder of the State Industrial School at Middletown, Conn., died on Thursday at his home in Farmington in that State. He was about eighty years old, and for many years had been in charge of the Congregational church in Ellington, Conn.

—The Rev. Dr. Andrew V. V. Raymond, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Albany, has been elected to succeed Dr. Webster as President of Union College in this State. Dr. Raymond is a graduate of the College in the class of 1875, and has always been enthusiastically interested in its welfare. He is an eloquent preacher, and has won general recognition as an all-around, clever man.

—All through the "Black Belt" of the South, not only the colored men, but the colored women, have a habit of spending Saturdays in the towns on the streets. In Tuskegee, Ala., Mrs. Booker T. Washington, in connection with a number of other lady teachers of the Tuskegee Institute, has secured a large room in town, where they invite the women to come in large numbers and talk on such subjects as having more room, care of children, making the home more comfortable, economy, dress, relation of men and women. In a recent meeting a person was found who has eight in the family, and all eat, cook, and sleep in one room. Another had fifteen in the family, and had only one room and a small shed-room attached.



Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—B. B. Hopkinson has resigned the pastorate of the Grassy Hill Church at North Lyme, Conn.

—Thomas Chalmers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has received a call from Port Huron, Mich.

—Thomas R. Fessenden died at Farmington, Conn., on January 18, at the age of eighty.

—C. C. Humphrey died recently at Wythe, Ill.

—W. E. Lanphear accepts a call to Masonville, Ia.

—R. H. Davis, of North Conway, N. H., has resigned.

—G. H. Flint, of the Yale Seminary, accepts a call to become assistant pastor of the Phillips Church of South Boston, Mass.

—T. P. Prudden, of Chicago, Ill., has received a call from West Newton, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN

—William Whiting Newell, who died in Paris, France, on Tuesday of last week, was at one time pastor of the Forty-second Street Church of this city, and later of the First Church of Newburyport, Mass. In 1881 he was appointed General Secretary for French Evangelization in the American and Foreign Christian Union.

—Richard Turnbull, of Detroit, Mich., has accepted a call from Cambridge, N. Y.

—E. W. Greene, of Logan, Utah, accepts a call from Perry, Kan.

—H. E. Mott, of Dubuque, Ia., has received a call to Buffalo, Ia.

—E. W. Brown, of Detroit, Mich., has received a call to Austin, Ill.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Arthur Spalding has accepted a call to become assistant pastor to the First Reformed Church of Passaic, N. J.

—J. W. M. Williams has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Baltimore, Md.

—W. T. Dorward, of Ballston, N. Y., has resigned to accept a call to the Church of the Redeemer (Baptist), New York City.

—A. L. Williams, of Woodlawn Park, Chicago, has declined an election as rector of St. John's Church (P. E.), Decatur, Ill.

—J. M. Wagner, pastor of the German Evangelical Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., died last week, at the age of sixty-seven.

Books and Authors

Dean Stanley¹

While the biography of Dean Stanley has waited a dozen years for publication, and at last comes to us from the hands of one who hardly knew him, it is welcome to the reading world as a work prepared with great care, in the best literary form, and fascinating as it unfolds the career of a remarkably interesting and attractive man. It may be that the results in the hands of Mr. Prothero, who has the gifts of a literary artist, are more satisfactory than they would have been had the work been completed by



Dean Stanley

Dean Bradley, or Sir George Grove, or the Rev. Hugh Pearson. They could have furnished personal knowledge of Dean Stanley, but they might not have had the ability to put the right thing in the right place to the extent that Mr. Prothero displays. It is the best of the recent biographies of great Englishmen, and though it is a larger work than seemed to be necessary, to those who love Stanley and wish a full account of his life it will not be wearisome. There are few places where it could have been shortened, and it furnishes, with Archbishop Tait's life, the best introduction to the liberal development of the Church of England since the Tractarian movement that has yet appeared. There are other biographies which help to fill out the picture, but these two cover the whole field. Dean Stanley himself understood the art of biography, and he has been fortunate in having the story of his career written by a sympathetic and candid person.

Dean Stanley was happy in his birth and in the whole course of his life. Born in 1815, in a country rectory of Alderly, in Cheshire, the son of parents who belonged to one of the ancient families in England, and so sensitive and nervous a child that his education had to be conducted in his earliest years in the family, he was protected in childhood from contact with other youths, and sheltered to such an extent both in his first school at Seaforth, near Liverpool, and in his subsequent life under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, that he knew but little of the evil that is in the world by actual contact, and only gradually in his maturer years learned by observation the things which most men come to know in their earliest youth. His trouble at Rugby, where he won all the prizes the school had to give, was to trust himself and make friends among his fellows. He had the sympathetic tenderness of a woman, and his own home was more influential in shaping his life than any other agency. It was through his constant correspondence with his mother and sisters that the materials were supplied for an exceedingly full and valuable account of his school life at Rugby and at Oxford. Dr. Arnold at Rugby and at Oxford was his hero and idol, and when he died, in 1842, Stanley, who deeply mourned for his great friend, was drawn by his admiration into the writing of his life. This work was prepared while he was a college tutor, and it was the first thing by which he became known outside of the academic world of Oxford. This biography is still unrivaled as the story of one of the greatest of Englishmen, and it early showed Stanley in an enviable light to the English world.

It was Dean Stanley's fortune to be in Oxford almost at the beginning of the Tractarian movement, to which he was at first strongly attracted, partly by its appeal to history and partly by his interest in Newman; but he was at this time working out the principles by which he was distinguished, and he was too much a modern man, though essentially a historian, to identify himself with it. His two salient principles from the first were toleration and the free, personal search for truth, and he believed all through

his life that the Church of England should be administered in such a way that it could be called the National Church. It was not to exclude anybody from religious privileges, and the Puritan, the Quaker, the Methodist, and the Roman Catholic were alike to be allowed the freedom of their convictions within the National Church. This comprehensive principle guided and inspired his whole life. He was not indifferent to the Christian belief, but he recognized that the truth was larger than the individual, and that others might see phases of it which were denied to himself. In this conviction he insisted upon the largest charity in the interpretation of doctrines and of institutions, and he had that habit of preferring the whole to the parts which enabled him to be charitable to doctrinal differences and rightly to value the ethical purpose more than the technical terms of divergent beliefs. This unique gift was the determining factor in Stanley's entire career. He stood before the Christian world as an eminent Broad Churchman, and he was identified with that school of thought and hardly understood any other, but in his interpretations of Church positions he had a charity for the other side which modified his action, if it did not control his belief. He liked to recognize the other side of the shield; and if this was more an act of the heart than of the head, it was an influential element in determining his career which cannot be too thoroughly appreciated.

Dean Stanley's life, like that of most clergymen, had few distinct landmarks. After he had been almost a continuous resident of Oxford for a dozen years, he became a Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, where in seven years of quiet work he broadened and deepened his thought and fitted himself for the larger positions which he was destined to occupy. It was during his life at Canterbury that he made the expedition to Palestine which resulted in the preparation of one of his most widely known works, "Sinai and Palestine." His return to Oxford as "Professor of Ecclesiastical History" was to a post which he was peculiarly adapted to hold, and here, until he was called to be Dean of Westminster Abbey, he developed to a remarkable degree that capacity for making friends which in mature life was one of his greatest gifts. He was one of the most influential factors in the University, and in his lectures, in his sermons, and in his social intercourse with undergraduates he made his home and his lecture-room the center of an influence for good which has probably been rivaled only by that exerted by the late Dr. Jowett, as the Master of Balliol College, in modern times. His work hung together, and he had a personal influence that was unique and exceptional. But the greatest event of his life was his transfer in 1864 to the Deanship of Westminster Abbey. Here he felt the influence of a great historical institution which belonged to the nation, and he attempted to administer it in the spirit of his belief in the National Church. He opened it to all English people, and raised it to the position of the foremost cathedral church in England. For nearly twenty years he used it as a religious asylum for every great cause and act of righteousness which needed and deserved support.

His part in the controversies and the movements of thought in the English Church was notable for its sincerity and fearlessness. He had the courage of his convictions. He might be alone in his support of an unpopular cause, but this did not intimidate him, and the onslaughts of enemies had no effect upon his temper or his life. He was in the thick of the fight, but was always an unspoiled man. He never took seriously the opposition which was shown to him. If he won, it was well; and if he lost, he kept on struggling till he won. One of the happiest features of his Westminster life, as also of his Oxford career, was his gathering of people of opposite views, and often of those personally opposed to him, at the Deanery at Westminster. In this way he compelled the lessening of party feeling, and poured oil on the troubled waters. While he was not the leader of the Broad Church party in the sense that Maurice was, he had the tact and the wisdom which enabled him to carry his points, and he set an example of Christian charity and intellectual comity which has been

¹ *The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.* By Rowland E. Prothero. In 2 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$8.

perhaps more widely felt since his death than during his life. He died in 1881, lamented by all the English people, and his career, presented at full length in these volumes, will be read in every part of this country with almost as much appreciation as it will receive in England. Dean Stanley recommended a policy in the Church of England which is slowly coming to be the dominant note in the Protestant world, and this biography will extend and deepen its influence.



Bruce's Apologetics¹

This is the third volume in the International Theological Library, edited by Dr. Briggs and Dr. Salmond. It is well worthy of its predecessors in the series, Dr. Driver's introduction to the Old Testament and Dr. Smyth's "Christian Ethics." Those who have read Dr. Bruce's "Kingdom of God" will take up this volume with an anticipation of a clear, fresh, and spiritual treatment, and they will not be disappointed. Dr. Bruce belongs to the modern school, and is familiar with the modern questions and the results of modern investigations; but he does not belong to the critical and destructive school. Intellectually free, he is spiritually conservative; and this spiritual conservatism and this intellectual freedom give their combined character to this volume.

He begins by stating what is the Christian theory of the universe, as one ruled over by a righteous God, who is working out a kingdom of righteousness in men, who are his children. He then takes up and states clearly the competing theories of the universe—the pantheistic, the materialistic, the deistic, that of speculative theism, and, finally, agnosticism, or the doctrine that we can have no knowledge of anything unseen, and must therefore be content to leave life wholly an enigma. The mere placing of these theories side by side before the reader, without argument *pro* or *con*, can hardly fail to incline his feelings, if not his intellect, toward the Christian conception. He then takes up the Old Testament as a historical preparation for Christianity. He handles this theme with reverential freedom. One chapter devoted to the "Defects of the Old Testament Religion and its Literature" indicates by its title how absolutely free his spirit is. In general, we may say that, while he holds Moses to have been a great prophet, to have conversed with God, and to have taught the spirituality of God as against idolatry, and the righteousness of God as against the immoral religion of the pagan nations, he believes it probable, if not proved, that the so-called Mosaic books date from the days of the exile or a little before, and that the earliest productions of the Hebrew people are to be found, not in the books of the law, but in the books of the prophets. Later came Judaism, introduced by Ezra, and bringing with it an elaborate priestly ceremonial code, and leading on to the "night of legalism," by which title he designates the long period of above four hundred years which elapsed between the time of the prophet Malachi and the beginning of the Christian era. He accepts in general the doctrine of evolution as applicable to the literature of the Hebrew people, while he recognizes distinctly in that literature a revelation of God as a righteous Person, and One who is working out righteousness in the hearts and lives of his children; and, let us add, makes this progressive revelation both more reasonable and more luminous than it is made by the theory that the Pentateuch contains a perfect political and ecclesiastical system, framed and given to Israel in the wilderness. If we should find any fault with this volume, it would be that the author has given a disproportionate space to the religion of the Old Testament, and left himself too little space for the religion of the New. It is to this that we must attribute the unsatisfactorily brief statement of his own view of the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Criticising keenly the rationalistic interpretations, he really gives no statement of the grounds, certainly none that is adequate, for his own Chris-

tian faith in that historic event, although he affirms his faith in it; nor is his exposition of the teachings of Paul much more satisfactory. We cannot but regret that the editor of this series had not asked him to contribute two volumes instead of one, that we might have had from his pen a treatment of the New Testament as comprehensive and satisfactory as that which he has given of the Old Testament.



The Aim of Life. By Philip S. Moxom. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) It is indeed matter for grateful acknowledgment on the part of all patriotic and philanthropic men and women that so many persons of commanding ability are devoting attention to the juvenile mind, seeking to ascertain its psychology and endeavoring to bend educational methods to its largest and finest service. Any new evidence of this solicitude for youth is to be hailed with thankfulness; any fresh contribution to those ideas and influences that conserve youth's finer endowment and that realize its nobler purpose is to be heartily welcomed. Such a contribution we find in "The Aim of Life," by Dr. Philip S. Moxom, of Boston. The author does not step down from the high level of his pulpit teaching and his general literary work in these addresses to young men and women. They were first written for the author's congregation in Cleveland, and were again given to the circles of young people attracted to Dr. Moxom during his rich and influential ministry in Boston. These words of counsel are not hasty or random utterances, but the considerate expression of a studious and noble mind upon the subjects treated. First-class literature for young people who are beginning to feel the seriousness of life is by no means superabundant. For years the little classic "On the Threshold," by Dr. T. T. Munger, has been almost our only book commensurate with its purpose and opportunity. Dr. Moxom has the same end in view, and by the scholarly and wise treatment of such important topics as The Aim of Life, Character, Habit, Temperance, Saving Time, The True Aristocracy, Ethics of Amusement, Orthodoxy, he has made a noteworthy addition to the best reading for youth as it takes upon itself the burden and blessedness of living. We desire to call special attention to the admirable chapters on "Character," "Habit," and "Orthodoxy." The scholar's hand is visible on almost every page, and the way in which etymology is made to yield illustration and exposition of the leading ideas of the successive addresses is both a noticeable literary merit and extremely effective as a method of instruction. Our only regret is that the author has so often omitted to translate his quotations from the German; as without translation they must be largely lost on the great majority of those for whom the book is made. The style is in keeping with the substance of the book. It is characterized by precision, fluency, variety, and simplicity. It is, in short, what Emerson said style should be, a window, not to look at, but to look through to the living forms of truth and grace beyond.

The true utility of metaphysical study will be discovered in the indirect effects which it has produced on the mind. To many the philosophers seem to be always paddling about and never getting anywhere; but it is through this same apparently ineffectual paddling about that the thought of the world moves on and arrives at its highest results. If it were not for philosophy, we should be sunken in superstition and gross intellectual darkness; and yet it is incontestably true that philosophy bakes for us no bread. These reflections are called up by reading Dr. F. H. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality: A Metaphysical Essay*. It is skeptical in the best sense, for the author knows that no mental progress can be made without a frequent examination of the fundamental postulates of our belief; and all that we are accustomed to call "knowledge" is, in its last resolution, faith, as saith the Apostle, and the late Dean Mansel (not to invoke also the shade of the great Bishop Butler). "Metaphysics," writes Dr. Bradley, "is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct; but to find these reasons is no less an instinct." Relation and quality, space and time, motion and change, causation, activity, things, self-consciousness—all these belong to the region of the apparent. This criticism is sweeping. What are its results, and what is its relation to religion? We quote the conclusion of Dr. Bradley's argument: "The conclusion which we have reached, I trust the outcome of no mere compromises, makes a claim to reconcile extremes. Whether it is to be called Realism or Idealism I do not know, and I have not cared to inquire. It neither puts ideas and thought first, nor, again, does it permit us to assert that anything else by itself is more real. . . . Everything is error, but everything is not illusion. . . . The Reality is viewed, perhaps, as immanent in all its appearances."

¹ *Apologetics, or Christianity Defensve.* By Alexander Balmeine Bruce, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

in such a way that it is alike and equally present in all; . . . or the Real sits apart—that is, keeps state by itself, and does not descend into phenomena. . . . It is against both sides of this mistake, it is against this empty transcendence and this shallow pantheism, that our pages may be called one sustained polemic. . . . The Reality itself is nothing apart from appearances. . . . Outside of spirit there is not, and there cannot be, any Reality; and the more that anything is spiritual, so much the more is it veritably real." These extracts may serve to show the author's love of paradox and his singularly fascinating style. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Lessons in Religion. By Charles A. Allen. (Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston.) This little book, which is simply thirty-two two-page tracts bound together, ought to be widely influential for good, not only within but also beyond the Unitarian churches. The book is declared by the author to be based on Dr. James Martineau's writings; it seems to us to represent the best phase of his thought—the spiritual, affirmative, and constructive. It has been revised and approved by Dr. C. C. Everett, the Dean of the Cambridge Divinity School, and President Cary, of the Meadville School, so that it may be regarded as fairly representing the doctrine that is taught to-day in the Unitarian theological seminaries, both in America and England. But it can hardly be termed denominational. It utilizes the thoughts and contains quotations from American and English liberal orthodox writers, such as Phillips Brooks, Newman Smyth, T. T. Munger, Lyman Abbott, and Drs. Momerie, Matheson, Blackie, John Caird, Seelye, etc. It can hardly be necessary to say that it lays emphasis on the personality of God, his love and his holiness; in other words, that it is not a mere ethical primer, but is fundamentally theistic. What will be a surprise to some orthodox critics and a puzzle to others is its Apostolical definition of Christ as one who is more than a prophet—"not his words only, but his whole character and life, revealed God;" and of faith in Christ—"heart-belief in his spirit and life;" and of Christ's sacrifice as that which reveals that "God's love is self-sacrificing;" and of salvation as "deliverance from sin and growth in goodness." We regret that this catechism—for such it is in reality—is published by a denominational society, because we fear that fact will confine its use to that denomination, and it ought to have a wider circulation.

An extremely pretty edition of that classic of devotional verse, *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by George Herbert, has recently been issued by Macmillan & Co., New York. The poem is well printed and simply but tastefully bound, but the chief interest of the book lies in the use of the old-fashioned illustrations of Albert Dürer, Holbein, and other artists—illustrations taken, in almost every case, from engravings in existence in Herbert's time, and which he therefore might have seen. In the case of the three or four which are later in time, the objects represented are those with which he was familiar. The text is reprinted from the first edition, published in 1633.

Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War is an appetizing title, and the book carries out the promise of romance and excitement. The chapters were originally articles in the "Century Magazine," and represent both Federal and Confederate writers. They include the "War Diary of a Union Woman in the South," the "Locomotive Chase in Georgia," "Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby," "General Breckinridge's Escape," and several other almost equally stirring tales of suffering and daring. There are many pictures. (Century Company, New York.)

Lovers of writings of pure fancy will find a delightful feast spread before them in Bishop Boyd Carpenter's *Twilight Dreams*. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) The sketches are not exclusively allegorical in their form, but they are always poetic in thought, and evince no little dexterity of pen. In addition to this the best element in them is their deep and vigorous spirituality. The conjunction of this with a high literary excellence is, if we may be permitted to say it, exceptional.

Life's Everydayness: Papers for Women, by Rose Porter (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), is a volume of spiritual counsels in the form of letters. There is much in this little book which is calculated to strengthen, uplift, and make wise, and we have not the heart to criticise a work so well meant. We particularly commend the chapter headed "Society Fibs," because it is forcible, interesting, and useful.

The Mate of the Mary Ann is a cleverly written and amusing story adapted for both boys and girls. The author, Sophie Swett, is inventive and has a sound conception of young folks' tastes and character. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Literary Notes

—"He who runs may read." Dictionaries embracing all the words commonly used, and small enough for the waistcoat pocket, are now being sold in little silver cases which may be attached to a watch-chain.

—During the past year the New York Historical Society has added ten thousand volumes to its library, which now numbers a round hundred thousand, and is the best library of American history in existence.

—In his new volume of "Anton Notenquetscher," Moszkowski tells the tale of a composer who sent a new piece to five different critics, in each case with a different title: "Prometheus," "Columbus," "Romeo," "Bismarck." Each critic recognized in the MS. sent him patent allusions to events in the life of the supposed hero.

—Lord Frederick Hamilton, one of the two editors of Mr. Astor's "Pall Mall Magazine," is a younger brother of the Duke of Abercorn. He served for several years in the diplomatic service, and has represented Manchester in Parliament. Sir Douglass Straight, Lord Frederick's coadjutor, is a retired Indian judge, formerly a London lawyer and journalist.

—When a slip from one of the rose-trees near Omar Khayyám's grave, grafted on an English stock, was planted at the head of the grave of Edward Fitzgerald, whose translation of the "Rubáiyát" has become such a household book, Omar's prophecy was doubly verified. That prophecy was: "My tomb shall be a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it."

—The Lancashire dialect poet, Samuel Laycock, is dead. "Warblin's from an Owd Songster" is the title of his book which appeared recently. He was really born in Yorkshire, where his father was a factory hand. Afterward the family removed to Stalybridge, where for sixteen years the poet worked as a cotton-weaver, getting his education at right and at the Sunday-school.

—In the death of Professor Aloys Sprenger Orientalists have suffered a severe loss. Born in the Tyrol, he went early in life to London, where Count Münster, the German Ambassador, was his powerful friend. Among the Professor's works are "The Life and Teachings of Mohammed," "The Geography of Ancient Arabia," "Post and Traveling Routes in the Orient," and "Sprenger's Oriental Library."

—Few books will be more eagerly awaited in France than the two volumes of "Souvenirs" which Madame Octave Feuillet, the widow of the novelist, is about to publish. The lifelong devotion of husband and wife was well known in the gay capital. The atmosphere about the married life of Valérie Dubois, of Saint Lô, and Octave Feuillet, of Paris, was as much above the ordinary as "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" was above its immediate contemporaries.

—Mr. Frederic Remington declares that instantaneous photography has taught him to look more accurately at the horse in motion, and to try to catch some of those leg peculiarities which only excited laughter when animal movements were for the first time instantaneously reproduced. While Mr. Remington declines to make his horses look like them, he incorporates into his later work the results of closer observations, and it goes without saying that these are what less acute people fail to see.

—That well-known comedian, the late Lester Wallack, once asked Mr. William Winter why he had not written a comedy for him, and when the critic replied that he did not pretend to be a writer of plays, the actor said: "You are the only man of letters who ever made me that answer." Mr. Winter inquired what answer he had generally received. Wallack replied: "Writers always say that they don't write comedies for me because the taste of the public is so low that nothing good would be appreciated."

—The Italians are justly coming to think of Mr. Leland as one of themselves. A penny broadside of one of his old songs, translated under the title of "La Bella Strega," is said to be having a great run as a "nuova canzonetta di Carlo Godfrey Leland." Ascending to higher circles, the "Società delle Tradizioni Popolare Italiane" in Rome has been listening to an address in Italian by our countryman, while the President of that body, Count de Gubernatis, declared that the Society's very formation was due to Mr. Leland's initiative.

—Henry Vizetelly thus describes Charles Lamb: "My father pointed out to me the small, attenuated figure of another great writer walking slowly along near the corner of Chancery Lane—his gait a trifle uncertain, and he himself, spite of the restless movement of his eyes, apparently oblivious of all that was passing around. I had a good look at him, and distinctly remember being struck by something of a Jewish look in his face, although his dress, an old-fashioned suit of black—swallow-tail, small-clothes, and gaiters—gave him very much the appearance of a decayed, old-fashioned pedagogue."

[For list of Books Received see page 241]

The Municipal Reform Conference

From a Staff Correspondent

Not in a long while has so admirable a series of papers been read before so encouraging a convention as at the "National Conference for Good City Government" held in Philadelphia last week. This is not at all the verdict of enthusiasm. Indeed, the writer was disposed to be critical because the questions upon which municipal reformers differ were so completely avoided.

The sessions began with a series of papers upon the present conditions in the leading cities. Mr. Moorfield Storey, of Boston, was the first speaker. "The city government of Boston to-day," he began, "is better than it has been for many years." The present charter of the city does away in large measure with the old system of splitting up responsibility until the public could not locate it. The Mayor has now the power to appoint and remove for just cause all officers and members of the administrative boards, and in effect has the absolute control of expenditures and a qualified veto over appropriations. All laborers under the city's employ are under civil service rules. But while the city's executive was a public officer in the best sense of the term, the municipal legislature, consisting of seventy-five members, is, in Mr. Storey's opinion, "a useless and mischievous body." Mr. Storey said that a separation by a single month of city elections from State and National elections had made citizens in far greater numbers vote for the municipal candidates according to their personal fitness rather than their views upon National questions. He urged that this separation should be made wider. Incidentally Mr. Storey touched upon the failure of minority representation to aid the cause of reform. It was tried in Boston this last year. Twelve officials were to be chosen, not more than seven of whom could be of the same party. Each party nominated seven candidates, five of whom were absolutely certain to be elected. The choice of the voters was thus reduced to two. The remaining five were not only nominated by the caucuses but perforce elected by them. This increased power of the caucus had resulted, in one party at least, in the selection of the type of partisans who would not have been proposed if the public approval had been necessary for the party nominations.

Mr. Storey was followed by Mr. William G. Low, of Brooklyn. Mr. Low, like Mr. Storey, reported that the present charter of his city, by concentrating responsibility in the Mayor, placed the responsibility under the public gaze, and had resulted in a bettering of conditions. He differed from Mr. Storey in recommending proportional representation, upon the theory that it would secure to the minority its just influence in city government. As to the separation of municipal elections from State and National elections, his sentiments were absolutely in accord, not only with those of his predecessor, but with those of every speaker who followed him. The question that was put in the last Brooklyn campaign, "What has the tariff to do with cleaning our streets?" is a question which every municipal reformer has answered. Those who desire the same ends in municipal politics must act together.

Mr. Low was followed by Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, and Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore. These were, in one sense, the best speeches of the morning, but they were not the result of the closest study of municipal conditions. Mr. MacVeagh's report of Chicago was encouraging compared with all the others. There was in Chicago, he said, no municipal king who never dies; the people have home rule and municipal spirit, and the political machines are of the mushroom order. Mr. MacVeagh humorously but pointedly said that the misgovernment from which Chicago did suffer was the fault of the good citizen and not of the bad citizen. The bad citizen did not neglect his civic opportunities and responsibilities. "No man," he said, "can be a good citizen with the irresponsibility of a subject." Mr. Bonaparte found a great deal that was extremely humorous in the never-ending and nowhere absent power exercised by "the supreme boss of Baltimore." In Baltimore, as everywhere, the boss rallied voters in municipal campaigns by appealing to the disinterested beliefs in the party's creed upon National issues.

Mr. George Mercer's paper on Philadelphia was again one by a careful student of municipal affairs who had most deeply the reform spirit. Like the representatives of Boston and Brooklyn, he declared that since the passage of a law (the Bullitt Bill of 1885) giving the Mayor larger powers and clearly defined responsibilities, the public had taken such interest in the elections as to insist upon a candidate who was, in some sense at least, the public's choice. Like the representatives of other cities, he stated that the evils suffered centered in the city's legislature. The non-payment of legislators was one source of evil. The character of the Philadelphia councils had deteriorated, and was still deteriorating. President Low had said that Philadel-

phia had probably lost more in recent years by dishonesty on the part of its officials than had the United States Government with its immensely larger transactions. "The amount lost in this way, however," said Mr. Mercer, "is small compared with that lost through the improvident and reckless grants of franchises." During the past few years the City Councils had passed over the Mayor's veto ordinances granting franchises worth millions.

Mr. Edmund Kelly, of New York, concluded the morning session by describing the source of Tammany's power in New York City, and the work of the City Club and the Good Government Clubs in arousing public attention to the abuses. "The power of Tammany," he said, "is not due simply to its ability to give employment to 27,000 subordinates." The contributions it received from these subordinates were insignificant compared with the contributions from the lawbreakers, from corporations, and even from "respectable" men. One man was cited who is a member of the Tammany Hall General Committee, and paid \$100 a year as a campaign contribution, but had always voted the Republican ticket, and always expected to vote it. Both good laws and bad laws, said Mr. Kelly, minister to the increase of Tammany resources. The laws requiring the inspection of food, inspection of buildings, the clearing of sidewalks, as well as those requiring the closing of saloons, policy-shops, gambling-houses, and the like, all enabled the powers that be to demand contributions from citizens who would obey the laws, as well as citizens who break them. This enormous power of Tammany was due, he said, to the fact that the majority who suffer from these wrongs is neither united nor organized. It is in part kept under subjection by timidity, in part it is divided by party issues, and its power is nullified because it occupies itself with political duties only at election time.

No other session was comparable in instructiveness with that of the first morning. The afternoon session began, indeed, with a highly instructive paper upon the "Municipal Government of Berlin," by Dr. Leo S. Rowe; but the government of Berlin, placed in office by the propertied classes and conducting an administration that is economical to excess, is hardly the model for American imitation. Berlin's city government, however, in one important respect has guarded the public interests with much more care than the supposedly democratic cities of America. The street railways of Berlin are compelled to pay reasonable taxes into the common treasury, reasonable assessments for the cleaning and repairing of streets, and at the end of forty years from the date of receiving their franchises must surrender them to the public, to be henceforth public property. Dr. Rowe was followed by the Hon. Carl Schurz upon "The Relations of Civil Service Reform and Municipal Reform;" Mrs. Mumford, of the Philadelphia School Board, upon "The Relations of Women to Municipal Reform;" and Mr. W. H. Roome, of New York, upon "The Separation of Municipal from Other Elections." Mrs. Mumford's paper was extremely bright, pointing out how in many ways the affairs of the municipal household were those which most concerned women. Mr. Schurz and Mr. Roome urged the two reforms upon which there was the most absolute agreement among the audience. At the close of these regular papers the Rev. Leighton Williams, of the Amity Baptist Church of New York City, attempted in a well-chosen speech to bring before the convention the question of social reform measures in which the rank and file of the people are concerned.

The sessions of Friday morning and evening were as remarkable for their inspiring quality as those of Thursday morning had been for their instructive quality. Unfortunately, inspiration cannot be condensed. Dr. Gladden's address upon "Influence upon Officials in Office" was a superb plea for the organization of disinterested citizens to bring municipal matters to the attention of the municipality, and to uphold public servants who discharged their duties, as well as to condemn those who did not. The corrupting public influences upon moral life which Christian men permit by their silence were presented in a way that took hold not only of the conscience but of the heart of the audience. Mr. Edwin D. Mead's paper upon the arousing of public sentiment by means of education was in a vein scarcely less religious. After urging with a fiery brilliancy the possibilities of education through the public schools, the public libraries, and the press, he appealed to the Church to preach again a political religion such as filled nine-tenths of the Hebrew prophecies, and such as the Church has always held when it has been a power over the whole of men's lives. The Rev. J. H. Ecob, of Albany, followed in the same strain. The ignorance and indifference of the Church to men's public duties toward one another was, he said, based upon the baseless conception that the Church is the kingdom of God. In the evening Dr. Rainsford stood for the same idea. Altogether, the most stirring addresses of the Conference were these appeals to the churches to prepare for the coming of the City of God.

C. B. S.

With Our Readers

Correspondence

A Reply

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Had the letter of the lady who objects to the facts stated and the conclusions reached in my article "Anarchists in Hard Times" been printed in the same number with the article, I should not have cared to reply to her comments. I did not say there were no American Anarchists, but that I had met none. Unfortunately, there are American fools and madmen, but neither folly nor madness, according to my observation, is apt to take that particular direction in this country. There are here and there in America, I believe, men and women who call themselves theoretical Anarchists. They differ from the practical sort in that they have the saving sense not to put their mad theories into execution. One of this kind was in Recorder Smyth's court some time ago, and was examined as to his qualifications to act on a petit jury. He said he did not believe in law, that he did not believe in punishment for crime, and so on. The Recorder ruled that this theoretical Anarchist did not have the mental capacity to act as a jurymen. The fact is that these Anarchists sincerely believe that they are proposing some system to the world; instead of that, each one has an individual hodge-podge of a theory, and they are all as different as possible. The lady tells us that Most is a learned man, and that Justus Schwab is a sincere one. To any one whose judgment can be so misled it is useless to address arguments. Indeed, I never addressed any arguments to Anarchists, and do not propose to do so. It would be as bootless a task as to set up a school of logic in the Bloomingdale Asylum.

But one thing I will venture to say: while I hold the practical Anarchist to be insane, and while I believe that he should be kept in confinement for his own sake and for the sake of society, I have no such view of the theoretical Anarchist. He is so harmless from lack of courage that he may be permitted to go where he chooses and enjoy all the distinction that other timid cranks can bestow.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

New York City.

The Unemployed

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is amazing that any charitable organization of long standing and well indorsed should be crippled in its work for lack of funds at this time of unprecedented need.

Taking the *lowest* estimates of suffering, the aggregate of persons out of employment, out of food, out of fuel, and out of health (the result of continued privation) is "a very great multitude."

Since it is proven that soup-kitchens and promiscuous bread-giving, or any kind of unorganized giving, is questionable charity, we are driven to those societies that have stood the test of years. The officers in these institutions cannot hold out to do so much extra work. One man doing the work of *ten* men, we know, is often the case. In times of abnormal conditions extraordinary means have to be used.

I know from experience that the unworthy are constantly seeking to extort money from the wealthy, and that fraud and deceit and all sorts of low methods are used for this purpose. But no rich man can shirk his responsibility with those excuses now, if indeed he ever could. The people now pulling at his purse-strings are the worthy poor—the starving poor. Surely, the rich have not understood the needs of these societies—have not known what exhaustive demands are daily made upon them. "I was a-hungered, and ye gave me no meat; naked, and ye clothed me not."

Go down some pleasant morning, in your comfortable carriage, to one of these offices and spend a couple of hours. You will have plenty of company climbing those steps, and the office will be thronged with men and women begging for *work*! You will feel a

little timid and strange among so many shrinking figures and wan faces, and your elegant clothes will contrast greatly with the miserable garments all around you; but don't flinch—you know you really wish to see for yourself if current report is true about "unusual suffering this winter." If your eyes see what mine saw, you will be in haste to write a check and get it into the Society's hands. You are presumably a millionaire; a thousand-dollar check sent to one of these societies every morning before your sumptuous breakfast would be a new and pleasing experience for you, and doubtless would be followed by your prayers and tears. With such good deeds and almsgiving, relief would come to every home in the crowded tenement districts, and your peace would flow like a river. H.

The Installment Plan

To the Editors of The Outlook:

While the statesmen are disputing over the causes of the present depression, some charging it to silver and some to the tariff, men in humbler walks, who keep their eyes open, are able to note quite a number of contributory causes which ought to be taken into the account.

That a great extension of credit is sure to result at length in stagnation and paralysis of trade may be regarded as a truism. Whenever the tendencies to such extension are strong and pervasive, periods of depression, more or less frequent, are inevitable. So long as the importer and the manufacturer will trust the jobber, and the jobber will trust the retail merchant, and the retail merchant will trust the consumer, and the banks will trust them all, everything goes merrily; but the day of reckoning must come. By and by the retail merchants find that their customers are heavily in their debt, and they begin to apply the pressure; the customers can purchase no more until their debts are paid; therefore, the retailers can buy no more of the jobbers, nor the jobbers of the manufacturers, and the mill-wheels stop, and the wage-workers are unemployed, and the great mass of the consumers find their incomes cut off. Thus the vicious circle is completed; the effect has become the cause; the engine is on its dead-center, and no one can tell when the movement will begin. The great mass of the consumers are the people who work for wages; when the wage-workers are forced to restrict their consumption, the productive industries must curtail production; and when the productive industries shut down, trade is necessarily stagnant. That fatal law of action and reaction is now at work, by which evil conditions tend to perpetuate and even to aggravate themselves. A desert is a desert because no rain falls upon it, and no rain falls upon it because it is a desert. There is no trade because the workmen are unemployed, and the workpeople are unemployed because there is no trade.

The principal cause of this depression is, however, the over-extension of credit. When the whole community has run in debt until credit is exhausted, then business must stop until the debtors can pay up; and the stoppage which results from this general liquidation produces commercial paralysis.

It is evident that the extension of credit during the past decade has been enormous. All classes of people have been running in debt as never before. All sorts of schemes have been invented to induce people to spend their income before it is earned. Even those lowest in the commercial scale, the humblest wage-workers, to whom credit has hitherto been sparingly conceded, have been added, by hundreds of thousands, to the debtor class. This has been done principally through the extensive employment in the retail trade of the installment plan. In many lines of business a large share of the trade is now done upon this plan.

This method is not wholly evil. It sometimes leads to a marked increase of the comforts of life in the homes of the poor. Families that are prone to spend all their earnings

on luxuries for the table, or on fineries and amusements, are sometimes constrained, by this method, to provide themselves with goods of some permanent value. They would never save the money to buy the new furniture, but, having been induced to run in debt for it, they do manage to pay for it. Money that would go for momentary enjoyments is thus invested in substantial possessions. This side of the installment plan must not be overlooked. There are intelligent and conscientious dealers who contend that the method is, on the whole, a good one. A more comprehensive view will, however, throw doubt on this conclusion.

The truth is that the vast majority of those people who lack the self-control which is necessary to the saving of money for the purchase of the comforts of life are lacking also in the judgment which is necessary to the judicious purchase of such goods on credit. They are apt to be tempted by the offer of articles which in their condition are great luxuries, and to entertain extremely visionary notions respecting their ability to pay for them. If it were a question of paying cash for these articles, they would see that they could not afford them; if the proposition were made that they should lay aside, month by month, the same sum for the future purchase which they are asked to pay in installments, they would soon find out that the sum could not well be spared from their current income; but when it is possible to get the immediate possession and use of these things, judgment is overborne by the desire of a present enjoyment, and the purchaser binds upon himself a burden which he is not able to bear.

Thus it has come about that hundreds of thousands of homes in this country are filled with goods which have not been paid for, and are not likely to be for many a day. Pianos, cabinet organs, sewing-machines, typewriters, bicycles, stoves, kitchen furniture, parlor suits, chamber suits, clothes-wringers, carpets, clocks, mantel ornaments, photograph albums, cyclopædias, books of all kinds, pictures, clothing—there is no end to the catalogue of articles which are sold on the installment plan. A large force of men and women is constantly employed in soliciting this kind of trade. The business has been pushed during recent years even into the slums and the tenement-houses. Those who are now in the various cities engaged in investigating the applications for relief made by the unemployed will find in a great many of the homes to which they go more or less property which has been obtained in this way and which is not yet paid for.

The wage-workers of this country have thus been initiated into the great fraternity of debtors. Multitudes of them are insolvent debtors. Their inability to pay for the goods which they have purchased on credit has had much to do with the existing business depression. One reason why it is so much more protracted and persistent than ever before is that the area of credit has been so much more widely extended. The round-up takes longer and involves more suffering because the extravagance has been more nearly universal.

It would be well if consumers of all classes would realize that such a reckless extension of credit must always result in such a paralysis of trade. When everybody trusts everybody, and nobody thinks much of the day of reckoning, the time is always drawing near when nobody will trust anybody. In such periods the working classes suffer most. They ought to remember that methods of trade which enable them to anticipate their earnings, and to incur obligations which they have no reasonable hope of meeting, can only result in making more frequent and more oppressive these seasons of business depression. G.

Signs Again

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been very much interested in reading in your paper the accounts of curious signs, and have collected from my own observation the following:

Mr. Borrow is our City Librarian, and Mr. Saint the contractor of the new First Presbyterian Church. Dr. Hurt was my dentist at Peoria, Ill.; and a curious combination

of names is the firm of Love & Sunshine, grocers at Johnstown, Pa. Professor Singer, of the Cincinnati College of Music, died lately.
F. E. A. P.

Notes and Queries

Please tell us: 1. What is the peculiar form of and difference between the various Protestant creeds, especially the Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Universalist, Episcopal, etc.? 2. Also, the special feature in the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches. 3. What is the difference, principally, between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Bibles?
H. W. G.

1. The Presbyterian is the most elaborate in form, and is distinguished by its emphasis on predestination. The only creeds recognized by all American Episcopalians are the Apostles' and the Nicene, as given in the Prayer-Book. The Methodists hold an abridged form of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion which are printed in the Episcopal Prayer-Book. The Congregational churches have each its own creed, but without essential variation from the beliefs of the above-mentioned bodies. The Universalists differ from all these in affirming the ultimate salvation of all men. They also either deny or do not affirm the doctrine of the Trinity as held by the rest, and their creed-form is the briefest of all. 2. The special features of the Roman Church are in its doctrine of papal supremacy and the mass. The creedal peculiarity of the Greek Church is in rejecting a single phrase—"and the Son"—which Western Christendom has incorporated with the Nicene Creed. Both churches hold to seven sacraments, and assign special distinction and authority to the Virgin and the Saints. 3. The Roman Church's Bible is an inferior translation. It also reckons the Old Testament Apocrypha as an integral part of Holy Scripture.

Please explain: In Gen. xiii., 4, we read: "Abram called on the name of Jehovah" [Eng. Vers., "the LORD"]. In chapter xiv., 22, Abram said, "I have lifted up my hand to Jehovah" [Eng. Vers., "the LORD"]. In Exodus vi., 2, "And God spake to Moses, and said to him, I am Jehovah. And I appeared to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by my name Jehovah was I not known to them."
J. D. C.

The books of Moses, so called, are understood by critics as having taken their present form through the compilation and editing of several separate documents. It is to this process that the inconsistency above pointed out is due. The discrepancy is hidden from ordinary readers by the fact that "Jehovah" is rendered in our Old Testament generally as "the LORD."

The question was raised in our Bible-class whether knowing good and evil might not come from resisting temptation as well as by yielding to it. Did not Christ know what evil was by the unworthy thoughts that entered his mind in the temptation, and yet he so fully cast them out that there was no sin?
E. E. W.

It is as you say. We would add that "knowledge of good and evil," as the phrase is used in Genesis, must be taken to mean, not mere knowledge, but knowledge as power, and this in each direction, both for achievement of good and resistance of evil. Such knowledge obviously can be had only through the experience of the conflict which issues in the overcoming of evil with good.

Please send me the name of the best work or works showing the latest results of modern criticism for the thorough study of the Book of Genesis, to be used in a class of five women who do not wish to be bound by traditionalism.
M. E. M.

The Rev. B. W. Bacon's "Genesis of Genesis;" the Rev. Dr. Ryle's "Narratives of Genesis;" W. E. Addis's "Oldest Book of Hebrew History," Vol. I. Besides these, the Rev. R. F. Horton's "Revelation and Inspiration" contains a valuable discussion on the results of criticism as reconcilable with faith.

Please inform me as to which is the best Church History. I desire one covering the entire Christian era. Please name publishers.
M. D. W.

Dr. Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," though to our mind the best, is not brought down quite to the present. "The Student's Ecclesiastical History" (Harper & Brothers, New York. 2 Vols.), is probably what you want.

What light, if any, does the story of the "Witch of Endor," as related in 1 Samuel xxviii., 11-20, throw

upon the theory of the future life held by the ancient Hebrews? Does it to any degree discountenance the impression that they had no faith in the immortality of the soul?
E. T. C.

Quite obviously so. Saul could not have resorted to the "witch"—or, as we now say, medium—except as a believer that departed spirits might be communicated with. The belief thus held by the King must have been widely held.

In Ephesians ii., 3, occurs the expression, "And were by nature children of wrath, even as the rest." Does this mean under the wrath of God, or subject to violent anger, and so children of our own wrath? I have heard that the latter was the true meaning.
C. E. B.

The latter is the true meaning. It is the idea which is expressed in Titus iii., 3, as "hateful—hating one another."

In an answer to an inquiry about free libraries in this city, we neglected to include the Aguilar Free Circulating Library, which circulates 235,000 volumes a year. The branches of the Aguilar are at East Broadway and Jefferson Street; 721 Lexington Avenue (Fifty-eighth Street), and in East Fifth Street. Any one can apply; the rules are the same as the New York Free Library.

In The Outlook for January 20, "S. B. S." says that the authorship of the stanza,

"With cheerful feet the paths of duty run;
God nothing does, or suffers to be done;
But what thou wouldst thyself, couldst thou but see
Through all events of things as well as He,"

is accredited to M. F. Tupper. The quotation has come to me as follows:

"With steady mind the course of duty run;
God never does, nor suffers to be done,
Aught but thyself wouldst do couldst thou foresee
The end of all events so well as He,"

and the author was given as Charles Reade. Several weeks ago some correspondent asked if there was any authority for the statement that the parable of Lazarus and the rich man had any foundation in pagan literature. You answer rather positively that there is none. I believe that there is a story very similar to this parable in the "Gemara Babylonica," a book of the Jews written during the Babylonian captivity.
A. C. G.

Two Pretty Pamphlets

No one can have watched the development of the art of advertising in recent days without being struck by the growing taste and skill with which illustration is adapted to the purpose in view. Two pamphlets of this kind are before us, and call out a hearty (and quite unsolicited) word of praise. In that which sings the merits of Columbia Bicycles we find some really charming bits of process illustration, quite equal to the best magazine work, and thrown into the text in picturesque and artistic irregularity. The way in which the advertised machine is subordinated to landscape or glimpse of architecture or amusing incident is both instructive and effective. The other little book tells the story of the year's trip just taken through India, China, and Japan by Mr. J. L. Stoddard, and, of course, includes the announcement of the forthcoming lectures. It is as dainty and pretty a bit of color-printing as can be found anywhere. The full-page scenes of Oriental life are exquisitely rendered in tint; while running in and out and under and over the text are characteristic scenes and devices, typically Eastern and odd.

Russian Folk-Song

For many years Miss Ober, who managed the "Boston Ideals," was noted as the only woman theatrical manager in the world. There are several women in charge of theatrical companies now, one woman composer, and a woman who conducts comic opera; and Mme. Eugénie Lineff is not only the manager but the organizer and musical director of the Russian choir which bears her name.

Madame Lineff, who has arranged "A Russian Peasant Wedding" (which is to be produced at the Carnegie Music Hall, New York, on February 2, for the benefit of the unemployed poor), is a native of Moscow. She was a pupil of Marchesi for three years. She sang in opera for many years before she became interested in the folk-songs of Russia.

When she began the work of gathering together the Russian folk-songs she went on pilgrimages to Russian holy shrines of different convents, and lived among the peasantry for several years. Then she organized the choir which has sung in New York with success, and which presented "A Russian Peasant Wedding" a hundred times in Chicago.

People who heard the Lineff Choir in Chicago have wondered why some of the music which accompanied the ceremony of betrothal of a peasant girl was so melancholy; and were amused when they learned that the primitive Russian maiden was extremely mournful because she was going to live with her mother-in-law. The mother-in-law is no joke in interior Russia. When a Russian girl goes to the home of her newly made husband, she becomes the family drudge.

Royal Marriages for Love

Instead of marrying the Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand and becoming later the Empress of Austria, the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria had wedded a poor lieutenant in the German army who has an income of \$400 a year. If Baron Seefried is to be congratulated, his wife is probably equally worthy of it. The occasion recalls many royal persons who have married below their rank and yet seem to have had as happy if not happier lives than most. To mention but a few, the lamented Prince Alexander of Bulgaria became simple Count Hartenau in order to meet half-way the woman he loved, and who was made a countess by the kind-hearted Austrian Emperor. The father of Prince Alexander had also wedded beneath his rank.

The morganatic marriage of another Hessian Prince, the late Grand Duke Louis IV., with Madame de Kolenine is as well known, as is the wrath of his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, who could not allow her daughter's memory to be slighted, and who had this second marriage immediately annulled. The wife of the present head of the house of Meiningen is Ellen Franz, once an actress, while Prince Nicholas of Nassau married Natalie von Pushkine, daughter of the Russian poet. Other well-known cases are those of Princess Frederica of Hanover, who married Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, while a year ago Prince Ludwig of Bavaria gave his hand to Antonie Barth. Best known of all are the happy wedded lives of Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg and that hard-working physician of Breslau, Dr. Willim, and of Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein (aunt of the German Empress) and Professor von Esmarch, the famous surgical scientist of the University of Kiel.

Wonderful Discoveries

The professor, who had for a long time been pawing over the corn in the farmer's corn-bin for some purpose known only to himself, at last came up excitedly to the place where the farmer was milking.

"Mr. Grassey," said he, "I've discovered a remarkable thing—a very remarkable thing!"

"I want 'o know!" said the farmer, the surge of milk in his full pail ceasing for an instant. "In the corn-bin, tew!"

"Yes, sir, a remarkable thing. There isn't an ear of corn in your bin that has an odd number of rows of kernels on it!"

"Sho!" answered the farmer. "You don't tell me!" The pour of milk started in again, louder than ever.

"It's a fact."

"Wal, now't you mention it, I can tell *you* a remarkable fact. You may take the exact number of married people in every State in the Union and compare 'em, and there won't be an odd number in that lot of statistics."

"Ha!" said the professor, contemptuously; "there's nothing very remarkable about that. Married people usually come in pairs, don't they?"

"Dew tell!" said the farmer. "An' so do rows of kernels on ears of corn. Guess you wa'n't fetched up on a farm, professor."—*Youth's Companion*.

A Strange Story

The following remarkable incident is told, with many others almost equally strange, in the volume of "Reminiscences of the Great [Indian] Mutiny," just given to the public by Mr. W. F. Mitchell, who was a sergeant in a Highland regiment which served throughout the Mutiny. The book (which is published by the Macmillans, of this city) is notable for its clear, direct narrative of the horrors and triumphs of the Relief of Lucknow and other important events in the Mutiny war. Mr. Mitchell says:

"Among the volunteers who came from the Seventy-second was a man named James Wallace. He and six others from the same regiment joined my company. Wallace was not his real name, but he never took any one into his confidence, nor was he ever known to have any correspondence. He was usually so taciturn in his manner that he was known in the company as the Quaker, a name which had followed him from the Seventy-second. He had evidently received a superior education, for if asked for any information by a more ignorant comrade he would at once give it; or questioned as to the translation of a Latin or French quotation in a book, he would give it without the least hesitation. I have often seen him on the voyage out walking up and down the deck of the *Belleisle*, during the watches of the night, repeating the famous poem of Lamartine, "*Le Chien du Solitaire*," commencing:

"*Hélas! rentrer tout seul dans sa maison déserte,
Sans voir à votre approche une fenêtre ouverte.*"

"Taking him all in all, Quaker Wallace was a strange enigma which no one could solve. When pressed to take promotion, for which his superior education fitted him, he absolutely refused, always saying that he had come to the Ninety-third for a certain purpose, and when that purpose was accomplished he only wished to die. During the march to Lucknow it was a common thing to hear the men in my company say they would give a day's grog to see Quaker Wallace under fire; and the time had now come for their gratification.

"There was another man in the company who had joined the regiment in Turkey before embarking for the Crimea. He was also a man of superior education, but in many respects the very antithesis of Wallace. He was both wild and reckless, and used often to receive money sent him from some one, which he as regularly spent in drink. He went under the name of Hope, but that was also known to be an assumed name, and when the volunteers from the Seventy-second joined the regiment at Dover, it was remarked that Wallace had the address of Hope, and had asked to be posted to the same company. Yet the two men never spoke to one another; on the contrary, they evidently hated each other with a mortal hatred. If the history of these two men could be known, it would without doubt form material for a most sensational novel.

"Just about the time the men were tightening their belts and preparing for the dash on the breach of the Secundrabagh, this man Hope began to curse and swear in such a manner that Captain Dawson, who commanded the company, checked him, telling him that oaths and foul language were no signs of bravery. Hope replied that he did not care what the Captain thought; that he would defy death; that the bullet was not yet molded that would kill him; and he began exposing himself above the mud wall behind which we were lying. The Captain was just on the point of ordering a corporal and a file of men to take Hope to the rear-guard as drunk and riotous in the presence of the enemy, when Pipe-Major John McLeod, who was close to the Captain, said: 'Don't mind the poor lad, sir; he's not drunk, he is fey [meaning doomed]. It's not himself that's speaking; he will never see the sun set.' The words were scarcely out of the Pipe-Major's mouth when Hope sprang up on the mud wall and a bullet struck him on the right side, hitting the buckle of his purse-belt, which diverted its course, and instead of going right through his body it cut him round the front of his belly below the waist-belt, making a deep

wound, and his bowels burst out, falling down to his knees. He sank down at once, gasping for breath, when a couple of bullets went through his chest, and he died without a groan. John McLeod turned and said to Captain Dawson, 'I told you so, sir. The lad was fey! I am never deceived in a fey man! It was not himself who spoke when swearing in yon terrible manner.' Just at this time Quaker Wallace, who had evidently been a witness of Hope's tragic end, worked his way along to where the dead man lay, and, looking on the distorted features, he solemnly said, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. I came to the Ninety-third to see that man die!' All this happened only a few seconds before the assault was ordered, and attracted but little attention except from those who were immediate witnesses of the incident. The gunners were falling fast, and almost all eyes were turned on them and the breach. When the signal for the assault was given, Quaker Wallace went into the Secundrabagh like one of the Furies, if there are male Furies, plainly seeking death, but not meeting it, and quoting the One Hundred and Sixteenth Psalm, Scotch version in meter, beginning at the first verse:

"I love the Lord because my voice
And prayers He did hear.
I, while I live, will call on Him
Who bow'd to me His ear.

"And thus he plunged into the Secundrabagh, quoting the next verse at every shot fired from his rifle and at each thrust given by his bayonet. It was generally reported in the company that Quaker Wallace, single-handed, killed twenty men. Whenever he saw an enemy he 'went for' him! I may here remark that the case of Wallace proved that in a fight like the Secundrabagh, where the enemy is met hand to hand and foot to foot, the way to escape death is to brave it. Of course, Wallace might have been shot from a distance, and in that respect he only ran an even chance with the others; but wherever he rushed with his bayonet the enemy did their utmost to give him a wide berth."

What a Billion Means

It would be curious to know, says Sir Henry Bessemer in the London "Times," how many readers have brought fully home to their inner consciousness the real significance of that little word "billion." There are indeed few intellects than can fairly grasp it and digest it as a whole, and there are doubtless many thousands who cannot appreciate its true worth, even when reduced to fragments for more easy assimilation. Its arithmetical symbol is simple and without much pretension. There are no large figures—just a modest 1 followed by a dozen ciphers, and that is all it contains. Let us briefly take a glance at it as a measure of time, distance, and weight. As a measure of time I would take one second as the unit, and carry myself in thought through the lapse of ages back to the first day of the year 1 of our era, remembering that in all those years we have 365 days and in every day just 86,400 seconds of time. Hence, in returning in thought back again to this year of grace, one might have supposed that 1,000,000,000,000 of seconds had long since elapsed, but this is not so. We have not even passed one-sixteenth of that number in all these long, eventful years, for it takes just 31,687 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, and 5 seconds to constitute 1,000,000,000,000 seconds of time.

It is no easy matter to bring under the cognizance of the human eye a billion objects of any kind. Let us try in imagination to arrange this number for inspection, and for this purpose I would select a sovereign as a familiar object. Let us put one on the ground and pile upon it as many as will reach twenty feet in height. Then let us place numbers of similar columns in close contact, forming a straight line and making a sort of wall twenty feet high, showing only the thin edges of the coin. Imagine two such walls running parallel to each other, and forming, as it were, a long street. We must then keep on extending these walls for miles, nay, hundreds of miles, and still we shall be far short of the required

number. And it is not until we have extended our imaginary street to a distance of 2,386½ miles that we shall have presented for inspection our 1,000,000,000,000 of coins. Or, in lieu of this arrangement, place them flat upon the ground, forming one continuous line like a long golden chain with every link in close contact. But to do this we must pass over land and sea, mountain and valley, desert and plain, crossing the equator and returning around the southern hemisphere, through the trackless ocean, retrace our way again across the equator, then still on and on until we again arrive at our starting-point, and when we have thus passed a golden chain around the huge bulk of the earth we shall be but at the beginning of our task. We must drag this imaginary chain no less than 763 times around the globe.

If we can further imagine all those rows of links laid closely side by side, and every one in contact with its neighbor, we shall have formed a golden band around the globe just 52 feet 6 inches wide, and this will represent our 1,000,000,000,000 of coins. Such a chain, if laid in a straight line, would reach a fraction over 18,328,445 miles, the weight of which, if estimated at one-fourth ounce each sovereign, would be 6,975,447 tons, and would require for their transport no less than 2,325 ships, each with a full cargo of 3,000 tons. Even then there would be a residue of 447 tons, representing 64,081,920 sovereigns. For a measure of height, let us take a much smaller unit as our measuring-rod. The sheets of paper on which "The Times" is printed, if laid out flat and firmly pressed together as in a well-bound book, would represent a measure of about one three-hundred-and-thirty-third of an inch in thickness. Let us see how high a dense pile formed by a billion of these thin paper leaves would reach. We must in imagination pile them vertically upward, by degrees reaching to the height of our tallest spires, and, passing these, the pile must still grow higher, topping the Alps and Andes and the highest peaks of the Himalayas, and, shooting up from thence through the fleecy clouds, pass beyond the confines of our attenuated atmosphere, and leap up into the blue ether with which the universe is filled, standing proudly up far beyond the reach of all terrestrial things—still pile on your thousands and millions of thin leaves, for we are only beginning to rear the mighty mass. Add millions on millions of sheets and thousands of miles on these, and still the number will lack its due amount.

Let us pause to look at the neat plowed edges of the book before us. See how closely lie those thin flakes of paper; how many there are in the mere width of a span, and then turn our eyes in imagination upward to our mighty column of accumulated sheets. It now contains its appointed number, and our 1,000,000,000,000 of sheets of "The Times" superimposed upon each other and pressed into a compact mass has reached an altitude of 47,348 miles! Those who have taken the trouble to follow me thus far will, I think, agree with me that 1,000,000,000,000 is a fearful thing, and that few can appreciate its real value. As for quadrillions and trillions, they are simply words, mere words, wholly incapable of adequately impressing themselves on human intellect.

—Uncle Alfred, who was Andrew Jackson's colored valet, is still living at the Jackson residence, "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tenn., where he acts as guide to the numerous visitors and sightseers and tells many anecdotes of Old Hickory.

—Whenever a Belgian, German, Italian, or Spanish deserter in uniform enters France, he is promptly arrested and given the choice of being returned to his country or of entering the French Foreign Legion permanently stationed in Algeria, in which there is absolutely no chance of promotion, and in which the discipline is exceptionally severe. The last and most distinguished addition to the Legionaries is Prince Charles Philippe de Bourbon, the Naundorff claimant to the throne of France. He was born in Holland, and has seen service in the Dutch army, of which he is a lieutenant, while, of course, he is revered as Dauphin by the impotent Naundorff Legitimists.

Bits of Fun

"The trolley cars are just killing," remarked a Chestnut Street girl.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Jack—What did that horse cost you? Tom—It cost me all the respect I ever entertained for the man I bought it from.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Now," said the storekeeper, as he gazed proudly at the lettering on his new brass sign, "that's what I call polished English."—*Washington Star*.

A Chicago man who had just surrendered his watch to a footpad was moved to remark that he didn't know when he had been so pressed for time.—*Washington Star*.

Tommy—Papa, when people sell things by the pound, do they ever weigh the scales? Papa—Certainly not, my boy. Tommy—Then how do they weigh fish?—*Harper's Young People*.

Jeremisquan, Duck Trap, and Pequawket are some Maine names which have been swept away by the besom of reform. But the beautiful Chesunabungamanglaronticook remains.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Charlie Sniffers (out with Dollie Dimple)—Pardon me for bowing to that shabby old codger, but I feel obliged to do it. Dollie—Who is he, Charlie? Charlie—He is the head of our firm.—*Spare Moments*.

The Emperor Francis I. of Austria was once present while two of his sons were quarreling violently. At last one of them said, "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." "Hush!" said the Emperor, "you forget that I am here."—*To-Day*.

"I always suspected that cashier," said a member of the board of directors. "Maybe he'll turn up," said another; "you can't always judge a man by his appearance." "No. But in a case like this it is pretty safe to judge him by his disappearance."—*Washington Star*.

Competent.—Penn Inkley—I think I shall try my hand at magazine poetry. Faber—Do you think you are capable? You know magazines require something more than rhyme. Penn Inkley (enthusiastically)—Capable! Why it's just in my line! I've been running the Puzzle Department of our paper for years.—*Puck*.

Irish Viceroy is stripped of their sovereign attributes as soon as they reach English waters. The following story is told of Lord Houghton and a lady with whom he was acquainted. They both found themselves on board the Holyhead packet. During the voyage from Ireland the lady treated the Viceroy with ceremonious respect. So soon, however, as the packet entered Holyhead harbor she said to him: "Now, Bobby, you are no longer a Viceroy, so take my bag and make yourself useful."—*London Truth*.

The Earl of Derby, while walking on his own land, once met a collier. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' get it fro?" "Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors." "An' wheer did they get it fro?" queried the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "And wheer did their ancestors get it fro?" "They fought for it." "Well, begad," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll feight thee for it!"—*English Exchange*.

Rubinstein, when traveling, was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets; but most of the time he maintained his composure, even though justly irritated. It is told of him that, just before one of his recitals in London, he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance-hall, and thus addressed: "Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?" "Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal; and that you are welcome to, if you think fit to take it." "Oh, yes, and

a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply. "At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.—*Harper's Young People*.

Brevity in Excess

We find in the "Pratt Institute Monthly" the following open letter "To an Intelligent Youth who Abbreviates too Much:"

In your last letter to me I thought I had a cipher dispatch. You said: "Yours 16th ult. at hand; was surprised and delighted to know that N. Y. was so attractive to you there are not elsewhere in the U. S. so many and various attractions as there." You remind me of what a friend told me about a colored man named Aaron Evans, at the Isle of Hope, in Georgia. He had a small sailing sloop with the peculiar name "Extenuate." Maritime law requires that the name of vessels be painted on the stern. When the inspector whose duty it was to report the vessel came to examine her he was dumfounded to find upon her stern "X10US."

This tendency to abbreviate everything springs from an inherent laziness of the race; the progress of language in the last thousand years has shown it in hundreds of ways. We say *don't* and *can't*, and have cut *God be with you down to good by*.

In speaking to a lady the Romans used to say *mea domina*; the Italians shortened it to *madonna*, the French to *madame*, the English to *madam*, *ma'am*, and *m* (as in *yes'm*). Our tendency seems to be to give the meaning with the very smallest effort. You perhaps will say that is your principle in writing; but let me call your attention to the fact that abbreviations, like spelling, to which art they belong, are subject to the stamp of authority, and that your inventive powers are forbidden by the laws of good usage to work in this field. "Gents" of enterprise and hurry may clip the ends of words, but gentlemen with leisure enough to show good breeding are careful to err on the side of avoiding abbreviations.

Very truly, YOUR UNCLE.

A Royal Beggar

One of the most remarkable finds made by the Historical Manuscripts Commission among the family papers of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, says the London "Daily News," is a series of letters from King Charles II., mostly written from St. Germain in 1649, to various persons whose names are written in cipher, the key to which has not been discovered. They were found folded and packed together in a little leather box, and by their appearance it would seem that they had been sent over for delivery, but had never been used. As the commissioners observe, they "are mostly of a kind to which the adherents of the Stuarts must have been accustomed, and the promises contained in which were not always completely performed." In brief, they present the young prince in the character of a begging-letter writer on a rather extensive scale. Some thirty correspondents seem to have been addressed by him in the month of August of that year alone. The following will serve as a sample: "1649, August 31, St. Germain.—I have had so good testimony of your affection to the King, my dear father of blessed memory, that I desire you on this occasion to lend me 500 pounds, whereof I promise you on my royal word very faithful repayment. I have troubled few of my friends in this kind." Of this missive five copies have been found, all bearing the royal signature and seal, and therefore presumptively intended for different persons.

A Doctor-Prince

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, a nephew of the Prince Regent, follows the profession of medicine with assiduity; so also does his cousin, Duke Charles Theodore, the celebrated oculist. The Prince never charges poor people for his services to them, but the rich may pay him what they wish; the proceeds he devotes to the maintenance of the huge hospital he erected some years since.

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The last article from the Prince's pen has appeared in the "German Archives for Clinical Medicine," and is entitled "A Contribution to the Aetiology and Pathology of Pleuritis."

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About People

—Mr. William Lane Booker, the British Consul-General in New York, who has held office since 1883, has just been knighted by Queen Victoria.

—Lord North said of Boston that it was the center of rebellious commotion in America. "As hot as Faneuil Hall" was a favorite phrase of those days. The last survivors of the "Boston Tea Party" were G. R. T. Hewes, who died at Richfield, N. Y., in 1840, aged ninety-eight years, and David Kinniston, who died at Chicago in 1852, aged one hundred and fifteen years.

—Alexander Greig, emigrating in the last century from Scotland to Norway, changed his name to Grieg. The Norwegian composer Edward Grieg is his grandson, but gives evidence of his Scotch ancestry, not only in fluent use of the English language, but also in his fondness for Scotch melodies, between which and the Norwegian, he says, there is a strong affinity.

—The monarchs who have reigned longest are Queen Victoria, who ascended the throne in 1837, and the Emperor Francis Joseph, whose reign began in that year of revolutions, 1848. The oldest monarchs are the Pope, the King of Denmark, the Grand Dukes of Luxembourg and of Weimar. Queen Victoria, with her seventy-four years, comes next.

—It is said that the appointment of Lieutenant Alexander, a talented colored officer, to be Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, Ohio, is the first of its nature ever made in this country. The University has over two hundred students, who come from twenty-five States, and is the only school under control of colored men which was represented at the Chicago Exposition.

—Mr. George Rea, one of the most successful agriculturists in Great Britain, has just died at Middleton, Northumberland. For many years he was one of the largest tenant-farmers in the Kingdom, and his rent has amounted to as high a sum as \$125,000 annually. Mr. Rea, who farmed nearly seventeen thousand acres in Northumberland, also held an immense sheep-farm in Fassiefern, and about seventy thousand acres of the Loch Eil estate in Argyllshire.

—Dr. Albert Leffingwell, of Summit, N. J., tells us that among the sturdy Puritans who, somewhat over two centuries ago, laid the foundations of the old Connecticut town of Norwich, was one William Hyde, the father of two children, Samuel and Hester. From this daughter Hester was descended the Rev. Hiram Bingham, who, sailing from Boston in October, 1819, landed, after a voyage of six months, at Honolulu, one of that little band of Christian missionaries who first came to the Sandwich Islands. From Samuel, the brother of Hester, is directly descended the present President of the United States. Perhaps even Mr. Cleveland may not be aware that a distant cousin has linked his name with the destiny and history of the Hawaiian Islands.

—"Not all the story of Elizabeth Peabody was told at the time of her death," says the Boston "Transcript." "It is known to many of her friends that she was engaged to be married to Nathaniel Hawthorne in her youth. Hawthorne had not yet met Sophia Peabody, her younger sister, who afterwards became his wife. He was instantly attracted to her upon meeting her, however, and although the two young people strove against their mutual affection, it came to the knowledge of the elder sister, who told them at once that her heart had room for them together as well as separately, and she proved it in her life and by her devotion to them. Sophia Peabody made the famous bust of Laura Bridgman, and the sum of money she received for it from Dr. Howe paid for her wedding trousseau. Elizabeth Peabody was the heroine of Mrs. Brown-ing's well-known poem, 'Bertha in the Lane.' She outlived by many years the sister for whom she 'sewed the wedding-gown,' and was a living heroine, instead of dying like the elder sister in the poem."

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EDITED BY LYMAN ABBOTT

This book is the practical result of long experience with congregational singing, and may properly be called a selection rather than a collection of hymns and tunes; as the 638 hymns and 471 tunes in the book were selected from over 5,000 hymns and poems, and a many tunes. Thirty-two new tunes were written especially for the book. All editions contain a Psalter. The department of "Spiritual Songs" included in the book does away with the necessity for an abridged edition for use in the prayer-meeting; while its Indexes are unequalled for completeness and convenience.

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Financial

An increase of over \$6,000,000 in the surplus reserve of the city banks in the past week raises the sum total of such surplus to \$109,000,000. It will be noticed, below, that the item of loans actually decreases, while deposits continue to pile up in the banks, until now the holdings of the latter exceed the aggregate of loans about \$130,000,000. The banks of the city now have \$245,966,600 total reserve. These figures are unprecedented, and are fairly startling as indicative of the measure of contraction which has taken place both in the commercial demand for money and in the speculative demand. The rates for call and time funds, it is needless to say, are very low, representing an almost entire absence of demand in both cases. Some of the mercantile agencies report a moderate improvement in the condition of business in the country, but the "Chronicle," which is the most accurate financial journal, or at least as accurate as any, says that "the movement of industrial affairs has not been marked by any distinct change this week." There is a little improvement from the closing week in the year in the gross earnings of railways; in that closing week, as an instance, 71 roads reported a decrease over the corresponding week of 1892 of 16.87 per cent. The first week of January, on 70 roads, showed 14.28 per cent. decrease; the second week 10.42 per cent., which is a material improvement, and there is no question but that the economies instituted with the roads everywhere are enabling them to make a much better net showing than the gross exhibits.

The negotiation of bonds by the Government will be known in its results on the 1st of February.

A flurry in the London market over silver carried the price to 30½ pence per ounce—the lowest quotation since the extremely depressed market of last June. This flurry was due to some disturbance in the India markets for bills, under the apprehension that an import duty would be imposed on silver; on Thursday there was a recovery, however.

The December official statement of the operations of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, just published, demonstrates the magnitude of the economies that have been put in force by that, in common with other great trunk lines all through the country. The lines of this company east of Pittsburg show, for the month named, a gross decrease of \$632,078, but the reduction of expenses is so radical that there proves to be an actual increase in net of \$184,479 notwithstanding, making the saving in expense account for the month \$816,557. These figures are, however, extreme, representing savings, and are not paralleled on any other roads or systems.

The annual report of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railway Company for the fiscal year ending December 31 shows a net profit for the year, after paying all fixed charges, of \$2,892,911; deducting from this amount the 7 per cent. dividend paid, and the surplus is \$1,058,911. The report shows that 11.04 per cent. has been earned on the stock for the year, against 9.98 per cent. for 1892, and 9.21 per cent. for 1891.

The course of the stock and bond market for the week furnishes additional illustration of the utter stagnation that prevails in all the securities dealt in on Wall Street. The variations are scarcely noticeable; a few stocks are slightly better than a week ago, and a few are lower, but the average is not changed to any appreciable extent. Perhaps an exception could be made of the American Sugar Refining Company's shares, which are affected by the threatened abolition by Congress of all duties on both crude and refined sugar. There is a steady demand for the purely investment bonds. The weekly report of exports and imports of merchandise from the port of New York indicates in the former an increase in value of nearly \$2,000,000, and in the latter a decrease of about \$4,500,000.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, decrease.....	\$914,300
Specie, increase.....	3,205,700
Legal tenders, increase.....	4,369,900
Deposits, increase.....	5,388,200
Reserve, increase.....	6,288,550

Giving the banks, as noted above, the surplus

reserve of \$109,043,000. The amount of specie (gold) held by the banks at the close of the week is \$126,895,800, and the amount of legal tender, \$119,070,800. The line of loans of all descriptions now made by the banks equals \$418,771,600, while the net deposit line has reached the unparalleled sum of \$547,694,400.
WALL STREET.

—The death of Privy Councilor Hermann Duncker, formerly Bürgermeister of Berlin, occasions profound regret. Herr Duncker had been in the municipal service of the German capital over half a century, a period which has seen the evolution of a small provincial town into the third city of Europe.

FINANCIAL

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30th ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY

Hartford, Conn., Jan. 1, 1894

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00

ASSETS:

Real Estate.....	\$1,376,073.35
Cash on hand and in Bank.....	784,688.33
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate.....	3,990,485.05
Interest on loans accrued but not due.....	70,517.49
Loans on collateral security.....	1,510,381.30
Deferred Life Premiums.....	235,830.31
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies.....	235,790.50
State, county, and municipal bonds.....	2,620,592.41
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	3,090,691.50
Bank stocks.....	1,034,398.00
Miscellaneous stocks and bonds.....	1,058,675.00

Total Assets..... **\$16,014,129.24**

LIABILITIES:

Reserve, four per cent., Life department, \$12,383,678.00	
Reserve for re-insurance, Accident dept., 1,013,512.63	
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.....	410,321.95

Total Liabilities..... **\$13,807,512.58**

Surplus to Policy-holders..... **\$2,206,616.66**

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Number Life Policies written to date,	76,919
New Life Insurance written in 1893,	\$19,047,206
Paid Life Policy -holders to date,	8,677,459.63
" " " in 1893,	992,349.30

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

(Excluding Liability Business)

Number Accident Policies written to date,	2,007,703
" " " " in 1893,	93,396
" " " Claims paid in 1893,	12,698
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	253,943
Amount Accident Claims paid in 1893,	\$908,095.46
Whole Amt. Accident Claims paid,	\$15,871,400.40

Total Losses paid, both Depts., **\$24,548,860.03**

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

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The Contradictory Cat

There are contradictory elements in the character of the cat. No animal is more independent, and, if we may "speak freely concerning cats," like Montaigne, no animal is more capricious in its choice of a home than a cat. Yet none is more remarkable for its power of finding its way back from great distances than a cat is if it pleases so to do. As Mr. Romanes says, the psychology of the cat unsubdued by civilization fits it for a Robinson-Crusoe-like existence in the woods.

A dog lost in a wood howls all night and disturbs a whole county. A cat, instead of using her "homing instinct," makes herself at home with rabbits, pheasants, and small birds. Again, the cat in towns sometimes deserts his home in dudgeon at some perhaps imagined insult, and abandons himself to a life conducted entirely on apolaustic principles. Every one knows that a perfectly comfortable, well-fed cat will occasionally come to his house and settle there, deserting a family by whom it is lamented, and to whom, if it chose, it could find its way back with ease.

This conduct is a mystery which may lead us to infer that cats form a great secret society, and that he who was "King of Cats" was really grand master, an Aramis of cats. Doubtless they come and go in pursuance of some secret policy connected with the education of cats, or perhaps with witchcraft. Otherwise, why should a creature which does not know the manacles of space leave one home for a strange residence?

We have known a cat to desert a house for years; once in six months he would return and look about him with an air of some contempt. "Such," he seemed to say, "were my humble beginnings." He went on no offense given, and in about three years he came back for good, his mission elsewhere having probably been accomplished.—*The Saturday Review.*

"Ram's Horn" Wrinkles

It must puzzle angels to understand why some men make so much noise in church with their mouths, and so little with their money.

There is not much use in asking God to bless the whole world as long as we are not willing to stand our share of the expense.

There are too many people who think that the best place for them to serve the Lord is where the pay is best.

But for its own light we should never have found out that the sun has spots on it.

The religion that never goes away from home to do good is not the kind that comes from Christ.

When some people say they are willing to do anything for the Lord they can, they mean anything that is popular.

God has never had much use for the man who was not willing to do little things.

The Best Men Wanted

"Yes, sir: we want some good men, men of first-class character and ability, to represent us. Among our representatives are many of the noblest and best men in America, and parties of that stamp can always find a splendid business opportunity at our establishment." That is the way Mr. B. F. Johnson, of the firm B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., stated the case in reference to their advertisement in this paper.

Get Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys; they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are clear, transparent, not misty. Look at your chimney. How much of the light is lost in the fog?

Be willing to pay a little more.

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The Humbug of Palmistry

The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., in the February "Century," says:

"After many experiments with those considered most successful, and a study of the subject in the light of anatomy, physiology, and natural coincidences, I regard palmistry as without basis in science or sense.

"That no two hands have ever been absolutely similar is indisputable. When critically examined, no two leaves of flowers, though of the same species, appear exactly alike; much less would such complex organizations as human hands be found without difference.

"General conclusions can therefore be drawn from the shape and size of the hands as to strength, suppleness, circulation of blood, temperament, and the size of the form to which they belong. But even here a large margin must be allowed for departures from general rules. Huge hands are sometimes the mortification of small and otherwise beautiful women, while giants are found with small feet and hands. Sometimes large feet and diminutive hands are possessed by the same persons. Walker and Darwin observed that the hands of the children of laboring men are larger from birth than those of persons whose ancestors have lived idle lives, or have been engaged in vocations not requiring the use of the hands. Though such children might become renowned for intellectuality or proficiency in art, the large hand might be transmitted to several generations.

"What is justly allowed to chiromancy is true of every other part of the body in its proportionate relation to the sum of human activity. With these rational conclusions the votary of palmistry will not be content. It is mystery he seeks, and a power to read the past, present, and future, which nature has denied to man. . . .

"The sole and sufficient cause of different lines in different persons is the difference in the shape and size of the hands, elasticity of skin, strength and use of the muscles, and external pressure. Therefore hands of different persons are not alike, nor both hands of the same person. Mr. Francis Galton's remarks, in his work 'Finger-Prints,' are to the point:

"The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are covered with two totally distinct classes of marks. The most conspicuous are the creases or folds of the skin, which interest the followers of palmistry, but which are no more significant to others than the creases in old clothes; they show the lines of most frequent flexure, and nothing more. . . .

"For lines to be an indication of anything mental, moral, or emotional, it would be necessary for them to be evolved under the influence of nerves connected with the brain-centers, in which the said intellectual and moral qualities inhere; but superinduced from the periphery, they can mean nothing except more or less of different motions and use."

Certain Analogies

Molting has its analogy throughout the animal kingdom, writes a contributor to "The Gentleman's Magazine." We, indeed, molt invisibly, are continuously shedding our scales, but there are some animals that get through this process even more quickly than do birds, as, for instance, the shedding of the skin as a whole by the newt, eel, and snake.

Sir James Paget has noted that some people have a few extra long hairs growing out from the general mass of the eyebrows. These few long hairs are representatives of a permanent condition in the chimpanzee and some baboons. They grow out separately from the general hairy mass over the superciliary ridges.

Darwin notes as a significant fact that the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet of man are quite naked of hairs, like the inferior surfaces of all four extremities in most of the lower animals.

Something about the ear. The lobule of the ear is peculiar to man. There is, however, a rudiment of it in the gorilla. Happy gorilla—and man!

About the brain of man and apes. The whole comparison is one of degree, and in the case of the Bushman's brain with that of a

well-developed ape, the comparison becomes nearly equal. Richard Owen once claimed that the hippocampus minor, a trifling portion of the interior of the brain, was the only exclusively characteristic human part, but it has since been demonstrated in the orang and chimpanzee. In truth, there are no specific distinctions between the brain of the ape and that of man! I possess in pickle the brain of a monkey. I am sure that my own brain is of much greater proportional weight and complexity. It is a pleasing reflection!

"Not Without Honor"

The people of Yorksire are doing credit to themselves, says the London "Speaker," by founding a Brontë Society in that West Riding which owes so much to the genius of the gifted sisters of Haworth Parsonage. If Charlotte Brontë could have foreseen that in Bradford, which she has described for us in such vivid but unlovely colors, a meeting of grave men of business would be held forty years after her death in order to found a society primarily intended to do honor to herself and her sisters, she would have been filled with amazement. Yet the Brontë cult has now taken firm hold on the sturdy Yorkshire people, and the author of "Jane Eyre" is no longer neglected in her own country. A Brontë Museum is to be founded in connection with the Brontë Society, and there ought to be no difficulty in filling this with many interesting relics of the world-famed parsonage.

Once while touring England Mr. Irving's company stopped at a small city in the interior. The play for that night was "The Merchant of Venice."

Shortly before the performance the head super took aside his five assistants, who were new at the business, and started in to give them their instructions. Among the five was an American, who paid his instructor the closest attention.

"Now," said the head super, endeavoring to impress his words upon his pupils, "when Shylock comes on in the last scene you must throw him a look of 'ate.'"

There was silence for a moment. Then the American spoke up: "How can we do that, sir, when we're only five?"—*Boston Budget.*

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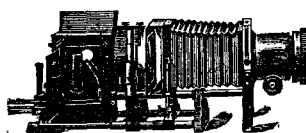
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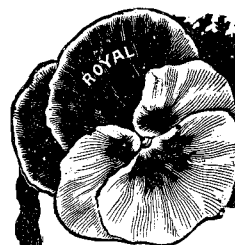
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The History of a Great French Journal

The shares of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," sixty-five years ago valued at five thousand francs, are now worth ninety thousand, while the annual dividends are seldom less than a thousand per cent. The literary worth of the "Revue" is on a par with this. It has contributed not a little to the name and fame of Cousin, Villemain, Émile de Girardin, Prosper Mérimée, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset. Of Guizot the story goes that he remonstrated with the editor, Buloz *père*, against changing his copy.

"I don't want you to alter a word of what I write," he said. "I know what I want to write much better than you do!"

"Doubtless," replied Buloz; "but then I know what I want to print much better than you do. You write what you please and I'll print what I please. Surely that is fair."

"Well," responded Guizot, "if you don't print my articles just as I write them, I'll not write any more."

"Very good," was Buloz's ultimatum; "and if I can't print them as I please I won't print them at all!"

But the end was that the historian and statesman went on writing and Buloz went on editing. The latter died in 1877 and was succeeded by his son Charles, who last year was constrained to resign the editorship amid discreditable circumstances. The new editor, M. Brunetière, was for a long time chief secretary to Francis and then to Charles Buloz. The French Academy crowned M. Brunetière's recent book, "Le Roman Naturaliste." No one in France is better able to carry on the literary and financial fortunes of the great "Revue."

Light Without Heat

To the speculative mind, writes Lieutenant F. Jarvis Patten in the "Electrical World," none of the possible future applications of electricity is more attractive and none so full of immediate interest as the possibility that seems almost within our grasp of obtaining light without heat, of making the light-waves without the heat-waves that have thus far always been at the same time the companion and the burden of all artificial light. The time is ripe, and the exact science of the day seems all but ready and willing to give the analysis of two great problems, the answer to either of which would stand the crowning achievement of a century of progress in the application of nature's secrets to the requirements of daily life. One of these—the navigation of the air—seems to be a mechanical problem only, while the other—the production of light without heat—we may as confidently say is only a question of properly handling the electric current. Nature presents us with beautiful examples of both solutions, but guards jealously the key to her method of operation, by which well-known forces are made to do the apparently impossible thing; and it is equally beyond our science to-day to explain how the bird soars aloft on motionless wing and how the glow-worm emits a gleam of light without a ray of heat. But they do it, and the many imitators of the bird will soon be equaled in number by those who are chasing the firefly's secret. What nature does with nature's forces man should and doubtless will be able to do with a full knowledge of those forces and a better comprehension of the methods by which nature applies them. Who shall say which is the more difficult accomplishment, the production of an artificial ruby, or the production of an artificial light without heat? There is no certainty, indeed, that the latter will not come from the hand of the chemist first. We are only too prone to hastily write that down as the impossible which is simply not yet done, and our last achievement as the most difficult of all accomplishments. Let us not, however, forget that the chemist has striven for more than a century to make the artificial stone with commendable success, and the mechanic has striven a century to navigate the air, while the electrical engineer has wrestled but a comparatively short time with the problem of light without heat, and has already shown

that the solution, far from being impossible on the lines of his attack, is, indeed, a reasonable expectation of another decade of electrical advance.

Only Chalk

The most useful inventions are frequently the simplest. The father of the famous Sir Robert Peel was a cotton-spinner, in a comparatively small way, until he suddenly went straight ahead of all his competitors. The earliest cotton-spinning machinery gave serious trouble through filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins, thus involving frequent stoppages to clear the machinery. The wages of the operatives were affected by these delays, but it was noticed that one man in the works always drew full pay. His loom never stopped.

"The onlooker tells me your bobbins are always clean," said Mr. Peel to him one day.

"Ay, they be," said the man, whose name was Dick Ferguson.

"How do you manage it, Dick?"

"Why, you see, Mester Peel, it's sort o' secret! If I tow'd yo', yo'd be as wise as I am."

"That's so," said Peel, smiling in response to Dick's knowing chuckle. "I'd give you something to know. Could you make all the looms work as smoothly as yours?"

"Ivery one of 'em, mester!"

"Well, what shall I give you for your secret, Dick?"

The man smiled and rubbed his chin.

"Well, Dick, what is it to be?"

"Come, I'll tell thee," was the reply. "Gi' me a quart of ale ivery day as I'm in the mills, and I'll tell thee all about it."

"Agreed," said the master.

"Well, then," returned Dick, beckoning Mr. Peel to come closer and let him whisper in his ear, "chalk your bobbins!"

That was the entire secret. Machinery was soon invented for chalking the bobbins, and Dick Ferguson was given a pension equal to many daily quarts of beer.

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